

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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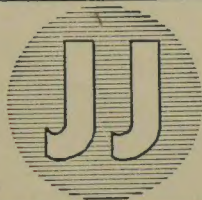
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to  
The late King George VI



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
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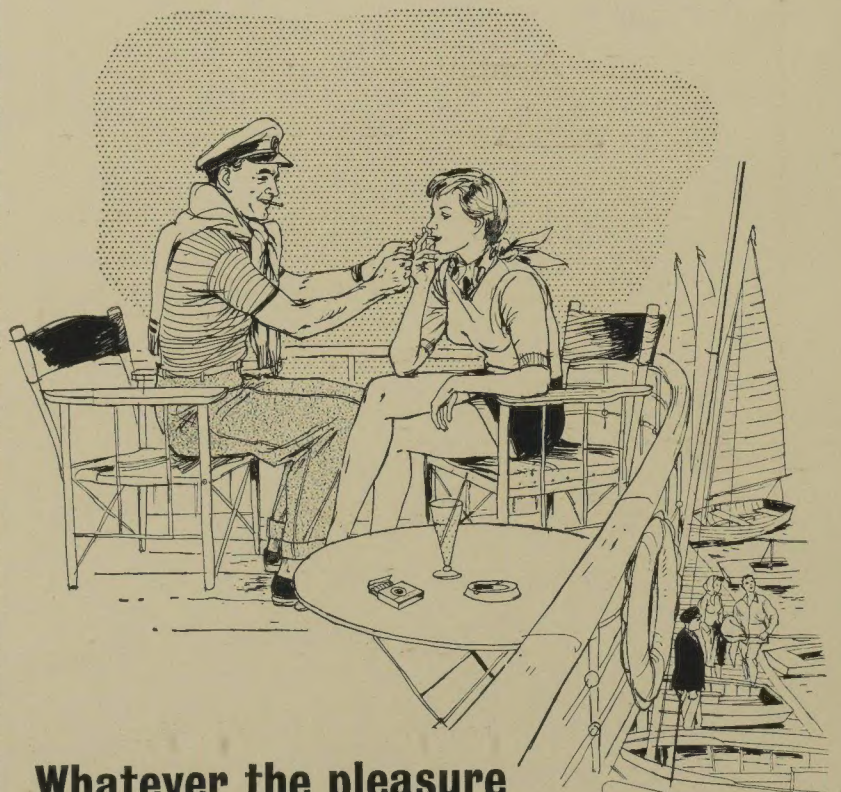
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Whatever the pleasure  
Player's complete it

Player's  
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## ZINC

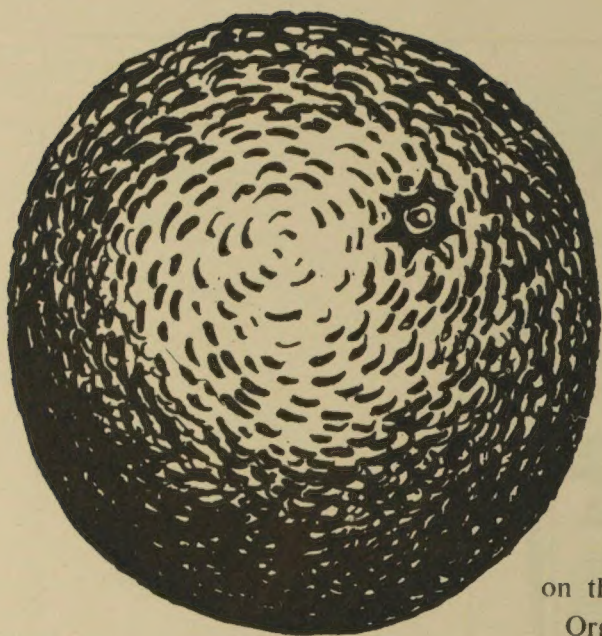
*THE* element zinc occurs in "zinc blende" — a natural form of zinc sulphide — and in certain ores of lead and silver. A hard bluish-white metal, zinc was originally produced only in China and Sumatra, and substantial quantities were once mined in Britain, but most of the world's supply now comes from the Americas and Australasia. Centuries before zinc was discovered in the metallic form, the Ancient Greeks were smelting its ores with copper to make brass, an alloy that has become indispensable to modern industry. Apart from its use

in alloys zinc is chiefly important today for coating or "galvanising" iron sheet and wire to give protection against rust. Zinc is also used as a roofing material and in the manufacture of casings for dry batteries, fittings for motor cars and plates for printing. Compounds of the element are well known in such diverse fields as medicine, dyeing and paint manufacture.



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to the late King George VI  
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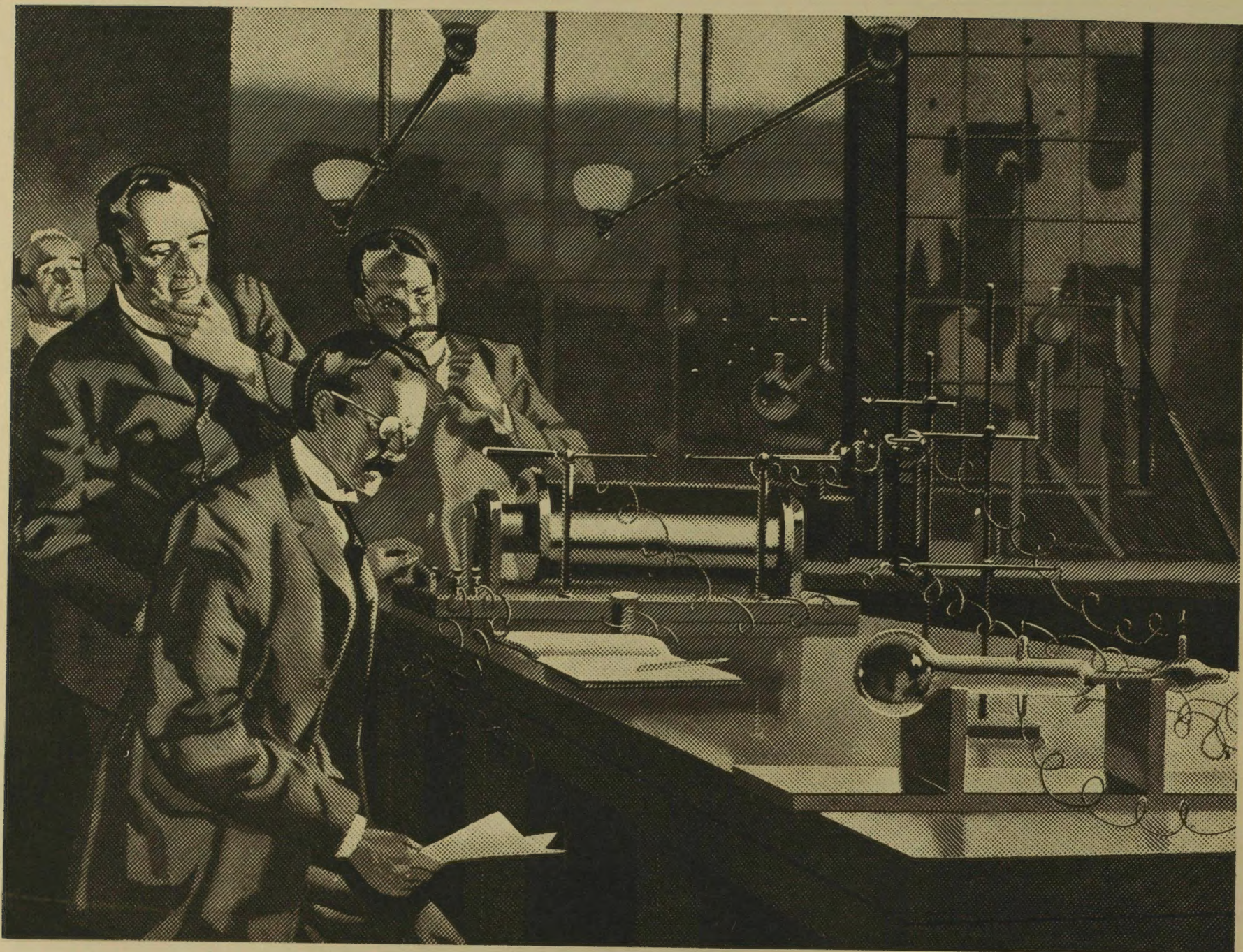
## 8-SEATER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE

*Britain's most reasonably priced Limousine*

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PULLMAN LIMOUSINE OR IMPERIAL SALOON £1,600 PLUS PURCHASE TAX





Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed "... matter in a new state ... in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state. ..." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings!

It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research.

## TO-DAY THE REED PAPER GROUP



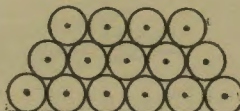
Employs over  
6,500 workers



Uses some  
300,000 tons  
of coal a year



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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1952.



THE FUNERAL OF THIRTEEN VICTIMS OF THE NORTH DEVON FLOODS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE CEMETERY IN THE VALLEY OF ROCKS, LYNTON, DURING THE SOUNDING OF LAST POST.

On August 22 thirteen victims of the North Devon floods which overwhelmed Lynmouth on the night of August 15 were buried at Lynton in the cemetery situated in the Valley of Rocks. The funeral procession from the Town Hall was headed by a piper from a battalion of The Royal Scots Fusiliers in camp near by and a bugler was also present. The vicars of Lynton and Lynmouth came next, with a Crucifix borne before them, and they were followed by members of the county and local authorities, police and firemen and representatives of the

voluntary organisations which have given so much valuable assistance to those who suffered in the disaster. The coffins had been taken to the cemetery early that morning from a drill hall and were borne by firemen to the graves, round which were gathered the relatives, while visitors to Lynton stood silently watching from the hillside. When the last coffin had been lowered the Blessing was given by the vicar of Lynmouth and the bugler sounded Last Post and Reveille, the calls echoing down the valley.





SEEKING "IF THERE IS ANY WAY IN WHICH WE AT THE WAR OFFICE CAN HELP": FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, C.I.G.S., (RIGHT) AT LYNMOUTH.



PREPARING MEALS FOR THE RESCUE WORKERS IN DEVASTATED LYNMOUTH: AN EMERGENCY KITCHEN SET UP IN THE SCHOOL HALL AND EQUIPPED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD FROM CIVIL DEFENCE STORES.



AFTER THE DISASTER: A VIEW IN LYNMOUTH LOOKING UP THE EAST LYN TOWARDS THE LYN BRIDGE, WITH RESCUE WORKERS CLEARING A ROAD (ON RIGHT).



LYNMOUTH AS IT WAS KNOWN TO THOUSANDS OF VISITORS: THE SAME VIEW AS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON LEFT; LOOKING UP THE EAST LYN.



CLEARING GREAT BOULDERS AND RUBBLE FROM A STREET IN LYNMOUTH: AN ARMY BULLDOZER AT WORK AMONGST THE RUINS OF THE NORTH DEVONSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT.

As a result of the flooding in North Devon, during which the picturesque village of Lynmouth was devastated on the night of August 15, it has been estimated that the damage to roads and bridges in Devon may total £350,000, and the damage to public services about £2,000,000. In Lynmouth, forty-two houses are stated to have been



PREPARING DEFENCES AGAINST THE FLOOD TIDES: MEN OF THE 6TH TRAINING BATTALION, R.A.S.C., SALVAGING WOOD ON LYNMOUTH BEACH TO BUILD UP A NEW SEA WALL WHICH CAN BE SEEN ON THE RIGHT.

destroyed, seventeen are unsafe and will have to be demolished, twenty are seriously damaged, and a large number need urgent repairs. As recorded on another page in this issue, Mr. Macmillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government, visited the area on August 19, as did Field Marshal Sir William Slim, C.I.G.S., who landed at



THE GENEROUS RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL FOR HELP: W.V.S. MEMBERS SORTING OUT CLOTHING SENT BY THE PUBLIC FOR THOSE WHO LOST THEIR POSSESSIONS IN THE NORTH DEVON FLOODS.



LYNMOUTH BEFORE THE DISASTER: A VIEW LOOKING DOWN-RIVER TOWARDS THE SEA, WITH THE ISLAND COTTAGE, FRONTED BY A FLAGPOLE, ON THE LEFT.



THE RETURN HOME: MR. AND MRS. CLEAVER AND MR. CLIFF JONES (LEFT) SORTING OUT THEIR PROPERTY AMIDST THE RUINS OF THEIR HOMES AT DULVERTON AFTER THE FLOODS HAD SUBSIDED.

Lynton by helicopter and made an hour's tour of the area with Major-General C. P. Firbank, G.O.C. South-Western District, who is in charge of the military assistance at the scene of the disaster. In anticipation of the high tides expected in about a fortnight's time, every effort is being made to construct a new sea wall to protect



AT WORK ON THE WRECKED BRIDGE OVER THE EAST LYN: ROYAL ENGINEERS AT THE FOOT OF COUNTISBURY HILL, WITH A RIVER WHERE ONCE THERE WAS A ROADWAY.



AFTER THE WEST LYN HAD CARVED OUT A NEW BED THROUGH THE VILLAGE: THE SAME VIEW AS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON LEFT, SHOWING BULLDOZERS CLEARING RUBBLE.



HAULING POLES ACROSS THE LYN BRIDGE DURING WORK IN THE WRECKED VILLAGE: ROYAL ENGINEERS BEGIN THE TASK OF RECONSTRUCTION.

the lower part of Lynmouth. About 900 men of the 6th Training Battalion, R.A.S.C., have been employed in building the wall with timber salvaged from the beach, and in the village itself. Royal Engineers have started clearing away the rubble and large boulders with Army bulldozers.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was a boy it was generally supposed by educated people in this country that every problem confronting men could be solved by the exercise of human reason. This made the problems of the world seem a great deal less disturbing than they seem to us to-day. There might be strikes, Irish agitation, aggressive Budgets, minor wars in the Balkans and North Africa, revolutions in Portugal and China, but they were all—or seemed so—minor and irrelevant manifestations of primitive human unreason which the progressive march of the mind and of rational civilisation would inevitably, and in the fullness of time, remove. All our history-books were based on this comforting philosophic thesis; from Alfred to Edward VII. the advance towards the age of reason and the triumph of man, especially of God's Englishman, was as clear and indisputable as the well-established genealogical trees of the Sovereigns of England and Scotland in the 'appendices. The human mind could resolve all, solve all, place everything in its fit and beneficial order. Everything was for the best, because by clear, clean thinking man was making it for the best.

There are still plenty of people in this still apparently sheltered country who suppose this to be so. But the evidence of fact during the past half-century has been very much against them. Outside this island—and for many people inside it—the state of the world has been so obviously getting worse, instead of better, that the theory of the inevitability of human progress and of the triumph of human reason has been tragically discredited. Our finest intellects no longer accept it: the entire younger generation, or that part of it which thinks at all, is turning away from it. Books are acclaimed as masterpieces—the historical works of Dr. Toynbee and Professor Butterfield are cases in point—which would have been trounced as perverse and defeatist obscurantism by nearly every leading critic of fifty years ago. We are ceasing, in the higher intellectual circles, to believe in Progress with a big, automatic P., and reverting to our simple forefathers' belief in judgments and in the punishment of original sin. Generally speaking, we have not yet reached the stage of

attributing these to divine agency, but I suspect that this will soon come. Every cataclysm—and we can expect plenty—will bring us nearer to it. "God is working His purpose out," but not at all in the way that our well-fed, hymn-singing Victorian grandfathers had supposed!

Indeed, our greatest *illuminati* appear to be going back a long way further than the mid- and early Victorians; they are going right back to the Middle Ages. And they are not going back to that remote period, like the Victorians, for architectural models, but for ideas. They are turning to St. Augustine and Dante and the great St. Thomas Aquinas. In his Reith Lectures on the wireless last year Lord Radcliffe made the first of these long-outmoded but giant thinkers the theme of the most moving of all his talks; it must have been heard by hundreds of thousands and, perhaps, millions of listeners. "Life," he told us St. Augustine wrote, "measured in human terms, is an inescapable disaster; if not for yourself, then for those you love." It is a far cry from what was written of life by men of Lord Radcliffe's high stature when I was a boy.

The core of St. Augustine's creed, expounded in his magnificent *Civitas Dei*—one of the supreme books of the world—is, in the late H. A. L. Fisher's words, "that Time is a brief course of passing moments created by God and destined at God's pleasure in the twinkling of an eye to pass away and to give place to eternity." Because of this, he taught, "all mundane interests pale before the awful problem of the soul's salvation." Probably only a minority now accept the latter thesis, and at no time, even when most wholeheartedly believed, did it normally receive more than

lip-service from the unthinking majority. But all our human experience, and, as scientists grow wiser and less didactic, all our widening scientific knowledge, tend to make us aware of the underlying truth of part of this thinker's creed. Terrestrial time itself, though its vast spaces stagger our minds, is both a limited and a relative conception, while the life of the individual is so brief, set against either eternity or the course of time, as to be, if measured in time, utterly negligible. How can such short-lived creatures as we, doomed to early and inevitable decay and death—to say nothing of disease, pain and misfortune—be satisfied, like our sanguine fathers, with a philosophy which bases all its hopes on such a transitory, miserable and limited existence. The mediævalists were right: earthly happiness and success were illusions and evanescent as a dream. Some other explanation of life is necessary to reconcile suffering and apparently doomed humanity to its lot and justify the ways of God to man. It is only when one sets the beliefs of mediæval Christianity against that dreadful necessity that one begins to appreciate its realism and force of thought. For unlike every other religion which the human imagination has conceived—or at any rate, of which I am aware—it accepted the full logic of the

human situation. The mediæval theologian shirked nothing: loathsome disease, famine, sadism, oppression, disaster, destruction and death in every form, human cowardice, treachery and villainess. One can see them portrayed in sculptured stone and in dazzling glass, side by side with saints and martyrs and angels, in the great Gothic cathedrals and abbeys our twelfth- and thirteenth-century ancestors raised. They were all seen as part of the divine mechanism for creating Christian souls fit for eternity which the Christian mediævalists saw as the real purpose of life. Keats, who was no theologian, scarcely even a practising Christian, but a most profound and original thinker, defined the explanation of life in much the same terms; it was, he wrote in one of his letters, "a vale of soul-making."

Out of everything that existed, everything that happened, the men of the Middle Ages believed, the creator and judge

of the universe was testing and fashioning for immortality living souls made in His own image. No misfortune that befell a man, no pain, no loss, no horror, however overwhelming, could harm him if that process was furthered. The very disasters and terrors that shook him were part of the divine schooling out of which immortal virtues—courage, faith, endurance, forgiveness, love—were made. Nothing that has been revealed in the past five centuries by science has disproved that belief or, so far as one can foresee, is likely to. The detailed definitions which mediæval theologians and schoolmen, priests and worshippers gave to explain the relationships of all living and inanimate objects were usually wildly inaccurate; they thought that oxen knelt in worship in the byres on Christmas Eve; that old bones and phials of discoloured oil possessed divine properties and cured all the diseases under the sun; that Christ had built a house of wattles and mud at Glastonbury, and that Joseph of Arimathea's staff had taken root there and flowered as thorn every Christmas. But these fallacies, often absurd, though sometimes strangely and humanly touching, did not alter the fundamental wisdom of their instinctive apprehension, that everything in the universe was for a purpose, and that purpose, if man only used it aright, for man's ultimate good. It may prove no truer than the nineteenth-century rationalist's belief in the inevitability and all-sufficiency of human material progress, but it is not, like the latter, a manifest lie. It may not be—Christians believe it is not—a lie at all, but the explanation and justification of all that is going on in the world about us that we find so mysterious and terrifying.

THE MINISTER OF HOUSING AT LYNMOUTH.



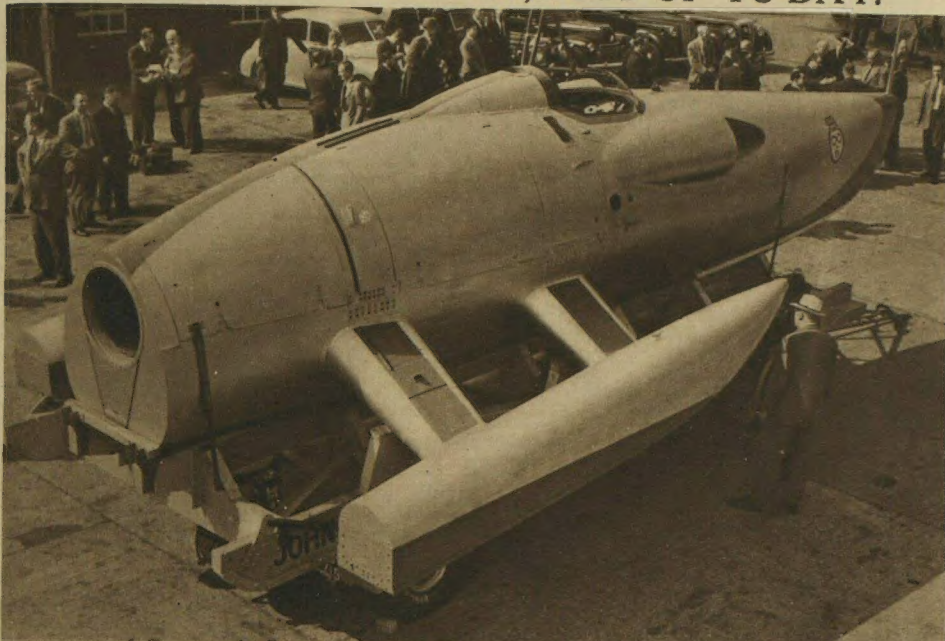
MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, THE MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT (CENTRE FOREGROUND WITH WALKING-STICK), AMONG THE RUINS OF FLOOD-DEVASTATED LYNMOUTH, WHICH HE VISITED ON AUGUST 19. AFTER HIS VISIT RELIEF MEASURES WERE ANNOUNCED BY THE CABINET. On August 19, Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, visited Lynmouth and saw the damage that the floods had caused and the work that was being done by the relief workers. On August 21, as a result of his report to the Cabinet, it was stated that the Government would contribute £25,000 towards the fund to relieve immediate distress and would give substantial help to the local authorities concerned in reconstruction. It has been estimated that this help in reconstruction is likely to be in the neighbourhood of £250,000. In addition, all Government departments were instructed to give all the emergency assistance possible to the local authorities to restore communications and services and to prevent further damage.



# PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE: EVENTS, DISCOVERIES AND PROJECTS OF TO-DAY.



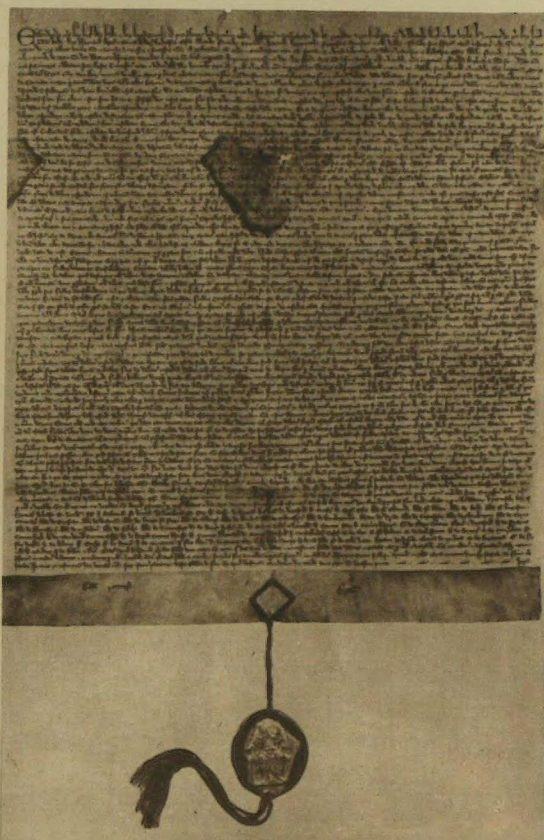
LEARNING HOW TO FLY THE CANBERRA JET BOMBER: A CREW UNDER INSTRUCTION AT BASSINGBOURN, HERTFORDSHIRE. R.A.F. pilots and air crews detailed to fly the *Canberra* jet-bomber undergo tuition in a dummy cockpit trainer at No. 231 Operational Conversion Unit, Royal Air Force Station, Basingbourn. The Unit teaches them to fly this particular type of aircraft and the dummy trainer is the first step to handling a *Canberra* in the air.



THE RAILTON-VOSPER JET-ENGINED BOAT WITH WHICH MR. COBB IS TO TRY FOR A NEW WATER-SPEED RECORD: *CRUSADER*. Mr. John Cobb is to try to set up a new water-speed record on Loch Ness in the near future with *Crusader*, a 50-feet-long speed-boat of new design, powered with a de Havilland *Ghost* jet-engine. Trials will be held before the attempt is made. The present record, 178.497 m.p.h., is held by an American, Mr. Stanley Sayres, with his *Slo-mo-shun*.



PROVIDING FRESH WATER FROM THE SEA FOR WRECKED SAILORS OR AIRMEN: THE SOLAR STILL BEING DEMONSTRATED. This still, seen being demonstrated at the Naval Survival Training School, H.M.S. *Siskin*, at Gosport, produces drinking-water from sea water by condensation. Air is blown into the compartment separating two spheres. Salt water is poured into the inner compartment and condensation by solar action results in drinking-water seeping through to the outer skin, where it is drawn off through the inflation tube. The envelope of the inner sphere is coated with a secret substance.



PURCHASED BY THE COMMONWEALTH NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA: A COPY OF EDWARD I.'S CONFIRMATION OF MAGNA CARTA.

Sotheby's have negotiated the sale of a copy of Edward I.'s Confirmation of Magna Carta, belonging to the Governors of King's School, Bruton, to the Commonwealth National Library, Canberra, for £12,500. Magna Carta was confirmed by Edward Prince of Wales on behalf of Edward I. in 1297. The document sold is a copy sealed with the great seal and sent to the Sheriff of Surrey.



EXCAVATIONS AT CANTERBURY: FRAGMENTS OF WATER-PITCHERS AND OTHER VESSELS OF THE PERIOD BEING RECOVERED FROM A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY WELL.

During excavations at Canterbury between St. George's Street and Burgate, under the supervision of Mr. Sheppard Frere, F.S.A., volunteers digging to discover the plan of a ninth-century house, came upon the well of a thirteenth-century house, which had been later built on the site. Water was pumped out and fifty water pitchers and other vessels of the period were found.



THE NEW COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONS: SURREY, WHOSE VICTORY OVER DERBYSHIRE ON AUGUST 22 MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YORKSHIRE TO OVERTAKE THEM IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

This photograph, taken at the Oval after the victory over Derbyshire, shows the men whom W. S. Surridge has brilliantly led to the championship. (Standing; l. to r.) A. Sandham (coach), Lock, Brazier, Pratt, Clark, Whittaker, Bedser (E. A.), Laker, Loader, Kirby, McIntyre, Cox, H. Strudwick (scorer) and Tait (masseur). (In front; l. to r.), Fletcher, Bedser (A. V.), Fishlock, W. S. Surridge (captain), P. B. H. May, Parker and Constable.



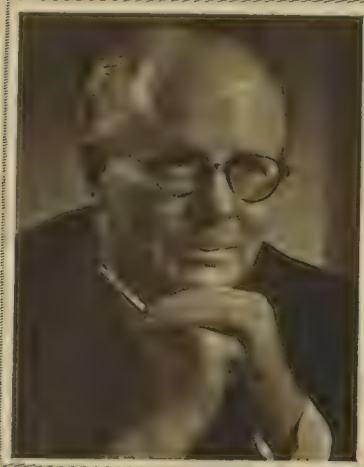
THREE LONDON BUSES HAVE AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE, SHOWING THE BUSES AND THEIR CREWS. Three London buses which have been touring the United States and Canada as a feature of the "Come to Britain" campaign, returned to London recently. They were given an official reception at which the Minister of Transport, the Chairman of the London Transport Executive, and the Chairman of the British Travel and Holidays Association were present.



## THE FIRST SOVEREIGN OF THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR.

"KING GEORGE THE FIFTH. HIS LIFE AND REIGN." By HAROLD NICOLSON.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mr. Nicolson, the well-known author and critic, was formerly in the Diplomatic Service. He was a Governor of the B.B.C. from 1941 to 1946. His publications include "Helen's Tower," "The Congress of Vienna," "The English Sense of Humour" and "Benjamin Constant."

Photograph by Karsh.

chosen as the recorder of King George's public life: and here is the record. He has had access to many private papers and to King George's own diaries.

It wasn't possible (and the reader will be glad of that) to separate King George's private life entirely from his public life: he was a whole man, and the whole man entered into everything he did, said, and registered in his diaries and in his letters to the most united of families. Mr. Nicolson tells us much about the private man, even when he was a private boy. There is, for example (and it must be remembered that the King became a professional Naval Officer who, on his own merits, would have risen to Admiral's rank, had his elder brother not died), a statement about his life in the *Britannia*, at Dartmouth:

It never did me any good to be a Prince, I can tell you, and many was the time I wished I hadn't been. It was a pretty tough place and, so far from making any allowances for our disadvantages, the other boys made a point of taking it out of us on the grounds that they'd never be able to do it later on. There was a lot of fighting among the cadets and the rule was that if challenged you had to accept. So they used to make me go up and challenge the bigger boys—I was awfully small then—and I'd get a hiding time and again. But one day I was landed a blow on the nose which made my nose bleed badly. It was the best blow I ever took, for the Doctor forbade my fighting any more.

Then we had a sort of tuck-shop on land, up the steep hill; only we weren't allowed to bring any eatables into the ship, and they used to search you as you came aboard.



KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT BOGNOR. From Queen Mary's private albums, by gracious permission.

Well, the big boys used to fag me to bring them back a whole lot of stuff—and I was always found out and got into trouble in addition to having the stuff confiscated. And the worst of it was, it was always *my* money; they never paid me back—I suppose they thought there was plenty more where that came from, but in point of fact we were only given a shilling a week pocket money, so it meant a lot to me, I can tell you.

A little later, when he was touring the West Indies as a midshipman, a reporter sent home the false information that he had been tattooed on the nose. Queen Alexandra (always referred to in his diaries as "Motherdear") wrote (with a waggishness which the public never guessed beneath her beauty): "How could you have your impudent snout tattooed?"

\* "King George the Fifth. His Life and Reign." By Harold Nicolson. Illustrated. (Constable; 42s.)

WHEN King George V. died, it was decided that his official life was to be written in two instalments by two different authors. The

first, which described his private life, was written (and admirably written) by Mr. John Gore, and published in 1941. Mr. Nicolson was

What an *object* you must look, and won't everybody stare at the ridiculous boy with an anchor on his nose! Why on earth not have put it somewhere else?"

She was certainly right. It would have been difficult to have had a King of England, however seamanlike, with an anchor tattooed on his nose, though it must be admitted that Mr. Churchill can get away with any sort of hat. But at that time



PRINCE GEORGE (LATER KING GEORGE V.) WITH HIS MOTHER, 1879. From Queen Victoria's albums at Windsor.

Prince George had no expectation (or, I conceive, wish) of being King of England. His elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, died: the Navy was no longer to be his career: he had to go into training for the career of King, and that is a profession, like another. "Un beau métier," said Louis XIV.: and perhaps it was, in his time and place, but to the future King George it was a matter of "duty, duty, duty": and the Navy had trained him to it.

Mr. Nicolson prints here a digest of Bagehot's book "The English Constitution," made by the Prince when he became aware of his succession. He was under instruction by a man who was afterwards my history tutor at Cambridge: the rich, ripe, chuckling Dr. Tanner of St. John's, here referred to as "Professor" or "Mr." Dr. Tanner had coached the Duke of Clarence when he was up at Trinity; liked him, but thought he would never get a degree. That led to Dr. Tanner's going up to London weekly to teach the Naval Officer the powers, duties and limitations of a King. Dr. Tanner said to me: "The Duke of York, had he come up here, would have got a very decent honours degree in history." He will get, now he is dead, an extremely good honours degree in history: as a historical figure, a man, an honest man, and a fearless man.

This is Mr. Nicolson's *chef-d'œuvre*, so far: I hope he may live to excel it. He spent his earlier adult years in diplomacy (a good qualification for writing such a book as this), and then wrote a series of small cameos about subjects as varied as Byron, Curzon and Swinburne. Each book was good: shrewd in judgment and delineation of character, picturesque, elegant in expression, and nice in cadence. But this work, compared with the others, has been a major operation: and the result is solid without being solemn. I remember saying to Lytton Strachey, after he had written his "Queen Victoria," that he had come to sneer and remained to pray: that the sheer honesty and nobility of the Queen had conquered him. In his squeaky voice he admitted it: as he admitted every fact which he allowed to dawn

over his horizon. I don't suppose for a moment that Mr. Nicolson approached his present task with the conviction that any monarch of England is merely a figurehead or that King George V., in particular, was a commonplace man exalted, by accident, to great position. But it is evident that Mr. Nicolson, as he goes on, is more and more impressed both by the significance of the monarch in our unwritten English Constitution, and by the sheer integrity, sense and courage of the particular monarch about whom he writes. Had Mr. Nicolson (which I am sure he did not) begun this book as a doctrinaire Republican, he certainly would have finished it as a convinced Monarchist.

For the system works, and he sees that it works. The arrangement of checks and balances isn't quite what it was since Mr. Asquith (relying on Irish Nationalist votes, and virtually blackmailed) limited the House of Lords' Veto, and since the Labour Party, eager to deprive the public of a chance of changing its mind, and believing (for such times as it was in a majority) in Single-Chamber Government, limited it still further. But the Lords can still, for a while, and pending reconsideration, prevent the scrambling of those eggs which are so difficult to unscramble, and the King (or Queen) is there to counsel moderation when passions run high, and to produce a solution when there is deadlock. The older and more experienced the monarch, the more influence he has: he is permanently in office, like the Speaker: as detached as the Speaker but, unlike the Speaker, able to contribute from his wisdom to debate, albeit in the alcoves of Buckingham Palace, Windsor or Balmoral. His text-book powers are enormous: most of them are seldom exercised, but they could be used if a grave crisis arose: in the last resort, if he knows that he has the country behind him, the King can take charge. Twice King George V. asked men to form Ministries without taking the advice of the outgoing Prime Minister: once when he chose Baldwin instead of Curzon, and once when he picked Ramsay MacDonald, at a time when no party had a clear majority in the House of Commons. Both were sound decisions: the latter especially, for the Socialists had had no experience of office, and there is nothing like office to teach people the complexities of legislation and administration. King George V. is revealed in this book as, not one of the most brilliant, but certainly as one of the soundest and most statesmanlike, of our sovereigns.

There are numerous illustrations showing that sterling and very well-beloved man at various stages of his life and in various uniforms. I suppose that



SANDRINGHAM, 1934: KING GEORGE V. WITH "JACK."

From Queen Mary's private albums, by gracious permission.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "King George the Fifth," by courtesy of the publisher, Constable and Co., Ltd.

these are partly responsible for the price of 2 guineas. But I do think that a cheaper edition should be produced as soon as possible. The book should be regarded as essential to a citizen's education as Bagehot's "English Constitution," in an age of universal suffrage when vast hordes of the electorate have the idea that the King can do what he likes and a smaller horde regard him as a mere dummy who makes progress through the Empire and lays foundation-stones. The King read Bagehot and digested him. How many people on the Opposition Benches have ever done that?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 346 of this issue.



# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**ARRIVING IN MALTA TO INSPECT R.A.F. ESTABLISHMENTS: LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY, V.C.**  
Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., Secretary of State for Air, arrived in Malta by air on August 11 for a two-day inspection of R.A.F. establishments there. It formed part of a programme of inspection of R.A.F. stations in the Middle East which he is carrying out. Our photograph shows Lord De L'Isle and Dudley leaving the aircraft followed by Air Vice-Marshal S.C. Strafford.



**SIR FREDERICK KENYON**  
Died on August 23, aged eighty-nine. Sir Frederick Kenyon, Director of the British Museum from 1909-30, combined administrative genius with profound scholarship. Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he joined the British Museum as an Assistant in the Department of Manuscripts in 1899, and in 1898 became Assistant (now Deputy) Keeper. His work on Greek papyri established his fame; but he also published books on Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He was President of the British Academy, 1917-21; of the Hellenic Society, 1919-24.



**INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR WITH THE CAPTAIN ON BOARD THE ITALIAN CRUISER, RAIMONDO MONTECUCOLI: THE MAYOR OF GREENWICH.**  
When the *Raimondo Montecuccoli*, the first Italian warship to visit Britain since before the war, arrived in the Thames off Greenwich on August 22 the Mayor of Greenwich inspected a guard of honour on board the cruiser. The cruiser saw active service against the Allies and sank the destroyer *H.M.S. Bedouin* in the Mediterranean in June, 1942. On this occasion she brought naval cadets from Leghorn for a five-day visit.



**AIR VICE-MARSHAL H. T. LYDFORD.**  
Appointed A.O.C.-in-C., Home Command, in succession to Air Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman. He is to take over the duties with the acting rank of Air Marshal at the end of next month instead of Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams, whose appointment has been cancelled because of continued ill-health. Air Vice-Marshal Lydford is fifty-four.



**SIR AMBROSE DUNDAS.**  
Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man in succession to Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Bromet, whose term of office expires on September 6. Sir Ambrose Dundas was the last British Governor of the North-West Frontier Province. He has been general manager of the Bracknell New Town Development Corporation for two years.



**MR. H. J. MASSINGHAM.**  
Died on August 22, aged sixty-four. He was an authority on the English countryside and wrote many books on the subject. A journalist by profession, his books included "Cotswold Country" (1937); "Chiltern Country" (1940); "The English Countryman" (1942). With his brother, Hugh, he edited "The Great Victorians" (1932).



**LT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.**  
Died at Sackville College, East Grinstead, where he was Warden, on August 23, aged eighty-three. He was C.-in-C., Mesopotamia, 1919-20; and Quartermaster-General in India, 1920-24. After retiring in 1925 he gained a reputation as a military historian and writer on Indian affairs. He was Commissioner of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, 1932-38.



**ARRIVING IN SPAIN AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS STATE VISIT: THE PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA (LEFT).**  
Mr. William V. S. Tubman, President of the Republic of Liberia since 1944, has been paying a State visit to Spain. Our photograph shows him on his arrival in Spain with the Spanish Foreign Minister, H.E. Don Alberto Martin Artajo, who greeted him at La Coruna, where he landed from the British liner *Sansu* on Aug. 14. It was the first official visit to Spain by a Liberian President.



**DR. KURT SCHUMACHER.**  
Chairman of the German Social Democratic Party since 1946, Dr. Schumacher died on August 20, aged fifty-six. He lost an arm on active service in World War I; was elected to the Reichstag in 1930; and spent ten years in concentration camps as an anti-Nazi. A forceful anti-Communist leader, he favoured a united Germany; demanded equal status for her; and opposed the Schuman Plan; any remilitarisation or plans for a European army. He visited London in 1948 as guest of the British Labour Party. The funeral procession is illustrated on page 347.



**THE CHINESE COMMUNIST DELEGATION'S VISIT TO MOSCOW: THE MISSION, HEADED BY CHOU-EN-LAI, WALKING WITH THE RUSSIAN SOVIET LEADERS PAST THE GUARD OF HONOUR.**  
Our group, taken in Moscow on the arrival of the Chinese Communist Government's Mission to Russia, shows from left to right, Mr. Vyshinsky, Soviet Foreign Minister; Mr. Mikoyan, Deputy Premier; Marshal Bulganin, Deputy Premier; Mr. Molotov, former Foreign Minister, now on special duties; Chou-en-lai, Chinese Communist Prime Minister; Shi Tzhe, Political Secretary to the Chinese Communist Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Chang Wen-tien, Chinese Ambassador in Moscow. The visit is designed to "consolidate further the friendly co-operation between the two countries, and to discuss various questions connected with this purpose."



**DR. ALBERT MANSBRIDGE.**  
Died on August 22, aged seventy-six. He was the son of a mechanic and while still a young man developed a great interest in furthering the education of workers, and in 1903 founded the Workers' Educational Association. He was a member of the Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, 1919-22. In 1931 he was created a Companion of Honour.



**WINNERS OF BRITAIN'S FIRST DAY-AND-NIGHT CAR RACE: P. COLLINS (RIGHT) AND P. GRIFFITHS, WHO DROVE AN ASTON-MARTIN DB3.**  
The nine-hour sports-car race at Goodwood on August 16 started at 3 p.m. and ended at midnight. Sponsored by the *News of the World*, it provided an unusual spectacle as the cars raced round with the headlights sweeping over the public enclosures. It ended in a victory for two young drivers, P. Collins and P. Griffiths, who were at the wheel of one of the three Aston-Martin DB3 cars entered by Mr. David Brown.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BRINGING IT TO MIND.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"THERE is nothing either good or bad," said Hamlet, "but thinking makes it so." And: "He thinks too much: such men are dangerous," said Julius Caesar. Either of these quotations could be used as an epigraph for "The Happy Marriage," at the Duke of York's, if it were not that the adornment might seem portentous on the programme of a very light comedy.

It is a joke on the fashionable theme of the moment: psychiatry. Dramatists, we gather, have decided to treat psychiatrists as Shakespeare treated Pinch in "The Comedy of Errors," or Molière the physicians in "Le Malade Imaginaire." I do not know a member of the profession; but I am sure that no psychiatrist with a sense of fun, or an appreciation of comic acting, would refuse his laughter for Martin Miller's performance (exaggerated though it is) in "Sweet Madness" at the Vaudeville, or for Charles Lloyd Pack in "The Happy Marriage."

Mr. Miller presented to us a worried fantastic, a talkative jelly of a man. Mr. Pack takes a dignified view. He is large, immensely serious, an owl with a mission. Wherever he goes, even to a London roof-garden

I believe that Mr. Pack—or should we say Dr. Protheroe, his stage name?—employs "decomplexification": one syllable more or less does not matter: it is a glorious watchword, and it is part of the jargon

say, London is not like this? Abroad now. . . . But it is London indeed, as the designer, Laurence Irving, knows; and his backcloths—a townscape by day and at night—are some of the most effective on the West End stage.

Dr. Protheroe is always bringing things to mind.

The trouble with poor Montague Joliffe, in Pinero's early farce "In Chancery," is that he cannot bring anything to mind. He has lost his memory in a railway accident at a place called Steepleton Junction (where, unless there has been an accident, no one in his senses would stay). The most curious things happen to him until he is able at the last to return to his wife in the wild delights of Gravesend—not far, I presume, from Rosherville Gardens.

Where there is too little material in "The Happy Marriage," there is almost too much in the Pinero farce. But in the 1880's, the dramatist, though he would become an even better technician (think of "The Magistrate"), was already experienced: a joy of the Arts revival was to see how Pinero suddenly fitted his pieces together after allowing them to scatter in farcical chaos. Reginald Purcell, another actor who knows about timing, had what I can only call a frantic primness as the doomed Mr. Joliffe: it was a pleasure to watch him as he paused, for what seemed an æon or so, to consider this remark or that, or to bring something to mind.

The Marlowe Society of Cambridge has been bringing to mind some of the passages in "Romeo and Juliet" that are never (or very rarely) heard in the theatre. We had an uncut version at the Scala; the company bore it along at high speed, though now and again we wondered about "the two hours' traffic of our stage." The fights, especially Mercutio's with Tybalt, were excitingly done, steel on steel in Verona's



"HE IS LARGE, IMMENSELY SERIOUS, AN OWL WITH A MISSION": CHARLES LLOYD PACK, AS THE PSYCHIATRIST, DELVES "TO THE DEPTHS" OF HELEN'S (KAY HAMMOND) PSYCHE IN A SCENE FROM "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S. THE PLAY, BY JOHN CLEMENTS, IS BASED ON "LE COMPLEXE DE PHILEMON," BY JEAN BERNARD LUC.

on a sunny summer morning, he appears to establish his own consulting-room. Or let us say that he moves in it like a diver in his bell. Like a diver he is exploring deep seas, and he is too intent on his task to let the trivialities of life worry him. Everything must be vastly serious. It is his task to "delve to the depths of the psyche." Just that.

We watch him at work as he advises Kay Hammond. She is a wife called Helen, who asks him about her husband called Henry; and as she asks, and as Mr. Pack responds, we feel very sorry indeed for poor Henry, a prey to terrors unimagined. Miss Hammond murmurs something in the voice of an anxious wood-pigeon; Mr. Pack replies with a meaning "Mm-m-m." It looks simple enough in print, in fact rather silly; but listen to Mr. Pack, and you seem to hear the drums of doom beating far away. Nothing Miss Hammond can murmur lacks significance for him. He employs the startled crescendo, the knowing "Ah!", the pursed mouth, the quick scribbling, the tense pause. Clearly, this so-called happy marriage—and Mr. Pack would laugh harshly at the thought—is already in ruins. But what marriage can be happy? Anything normal must shake psychiatry to its roots.



THE SETTING, BY LAURENCE IRVING, OF A LONDON ROOF-GARDEN BY NIGHT IS ONE OF "THE MOST EFFECTIVE ON THE WEST END STAGE": "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE"—A GOOD-TEMPERED LAUGH AT PSYCHIATRY—SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT III, WITH (L. TO R.) GEORGE FOSTER (MICHAEL SHEPLEY), AUDREY FOSTER (FRANCES ROWE), HELEN MANSSELL-SMITH (KAY HAMMOND), AND HENRY MANSSELL-SMITH (JOHN CLEMENTS). JOHN CLEMENTS ALSO DIRECTS THE PLAY.

that John Clements, who has based the play on a French original, uses with so much relish. This jargonizing fills the stage whenever Mr. Pack appears. To my sharp disappointment he did not arrive in the third act; and it may have been this that caused me to find the third act weaker than the others. The truth is that the joke is tenuous. It is uncommonly good fun for one act, good fun for two, fraying in a third. We are likely to recall the piece more for the virtuosity of its comic performances than for its text.

The major skill of the performances is in the timing. That is a word often jammed down carelessly. By now it is almost as stencilled a phrase to say that somebody's timing is good, as to say that so-and-so is "convincing." But observe the give-and-take at the Duke of York's. Observe how Kay Hammond, with her ringdove coo, and John Clements, with his crisp enunciation, bring off the business with the telephone; how each sentence falls pat, how precisely-gauged are the pauses, where a second more, or a second less, would break the rhythm of the scene. Observe, too, how Michael Shepley judges that gruff teddy-bear wooing in the last act. Throughout the play all is light, rapid, expert. No one gets in anyone else's way. I was reminded of a schoolgirl I knew once, with a passion for the outmoded game of solitaire, and of how swiftly her fingers would flick over the glass marbles with their coloured cores, making for a few moments a whisking to-and-fro of flashing light at her table in a sunny window. At "The Happy Marriage" I kept on thinking of her.

I should have said before this that Mr. Clements has based the play on "Le Complexe de Philemon," by Jean Bernard Luc. But I suspect that not much of M. Luc remains. The scene is a London roof-garden, which may horrify all with a boat-train complex (thank you, Dr. Protheroe). Surely, they will



"UNCUT AND VERY WELL ACTED, IF LESS WELL SPOKEN": "ROMEO AND JULIET" BY THE MARLOWE SOCIETY OF CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING TERESA MOORE AS JULIET AND ANTHONY WHITE AS ROMEO. THIS PRODUCTION WAS SEEN AT THE SCALA THEATRE ON AUGUST 11, 12 AND 13, AND AT THE PHOENIX FROM AUGUST 25-30.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"IN CHANCERY" (Arts Theatre Club).—Pinero's "eccentric comedy" from the mid-eighties is the tale of a traveller in gas-brackets, his amnesia (after a railway accident), and his entanglement with both an Irish girl of a coming-on disposition, and a ward in Chancery. Reginald Purcell navigated the mazes with a grave desperation; and the farce, produced by John Fernald, added another to the Arts Theatre's period pieces. (July 30-August 17.)

"THE HAPPY MARRIAGE" (Duke of York's).—This farcical comedy, set on a roof with a view (a view over London), is a good-tempered laugh at psychiatry. Laughter wanes a little in the second act, and more in the third; but the work of Kay Hammond, John Clements, Frances Rowe, Michael Shepley and Charles Lloyd Pack is expert inter-weaving that should keep most playgoers happy. Certainly they will see the funniest stage telephone call in London. (August 7.)

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (Scala).—There are some unusual names in this Marlowe Society production from Cambridge: Rebeck, Soundpost, and Catling, for example, the musicians at Capulet's. This "Romeo" is uncut and very well acted, if less well spoken. The fights are magnificently done, and there is for once a Mercutio who knows how to die. (August 11-13, and at the Phoenix from August 25-30.)

"THE FAMILY REUNION" (Scala).—The Marlowe Society did T. S. Eliot's difficult play for a few performances. It was a solemn occasion, and a brave try, though the producer should not have allowed the Eumenides to be seen. (August 14-16.)

noonday heat. If the treatment of the text had been similarly exciting, it would have been a "Romeo" for the records; but the players, in spite of their accomplishment and appreciation, were too often vocally insufficient: this Romeo would not have spoken of "the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand." Still, it was an invigorating occasion: I am not surprised that Mr. Prince Littler offered the company a later week at the Phoenix. London Shakespeareans in these days are learning a great deal.



## NAUTICAL MATTERS—BY SAIL, STEAM AND JET.



CADET WEEK AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH; THE RACE FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CUP. ALL THOSE TAKING PART IN CADET WEEK WERE UNDER THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.



MAKING ITS FIRST TRIAL ON LAKE WINDERMERE: WHITE HAWK, A JET-POWERED SPEED-BOAT WHICH WAS SLIGHTLY DAMAGED AFTER A MISHAP DURING ITS SECOND TRIAL RUN.



THE FIRST ITALIAN WARSHIP TO VISIT BRITAIN SINCE PRE-WAR DAYS: THE CRUISER RAIMONDO MONTECUCCOLI MOORED IN THE THAMES OFF GREENWICH.

The Yachting World Cadet Week opened at Burnham-on-Crouch on August 18. All the competitors that took part were under the age of eighteen. The first few days were marked by blustery weather, but on August 21 there was scarcely any breeze. In the afternoon, fifty-four entries took part in a magnificent race for the President's Cup. It was sailed in a gentle southerly breeze over a strong tide, and thoroughly tested the knowledge of the young yachtsmen. *Seahorse* (B. Appleton) was the winner.—At Windermere on August 20, *White Hawk*, the jet-powered speed-boat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanning-Lee, encountered side-wash from a pleasure-boat and began to sink in the middle of the lake during its second trial run. Pleasure-launches took it in tow and beached it; it was only slightly damaged.—On August 21, the 6941-ton Italian cruiser *Raimondo Montecuccoli* moored off Greenwich. She brought 134 cadets from the Naval College at Leghorn for a five-day visit to London.

## A U.S. SHIP BREAKS IN TWO IN THE CHANNEL.

An American Liberty ship, the *Western Farmer* (7239 tons), was badly holed amidships in a collision with the Norwegian tanker *Bjorholm* (11,732 tons), south of the Goodwin Sands, just before midnight on August 20, and broke in two; the bows sank. The crew of thirty-seven were rescued by lifeboats. The *Western Farmer* was built in 1943 at Baltimore, and is owned by the Western Navigation Corporation of New York. A change of name was made last year from *Henry Lomb*. The Norwegian tanker *Bjorholm*, which was damaged in the collision, is equipped with radar, and belongs to A/S Hakedal, and her home port is Oslo. She was built last year at Gothenburg. Thirteen of the crew of the *Western Farmer* were reported to have been picked up by the Dover lifeboat, and the captain and the rest of the survivors by the Ramsgate lifeboat.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE RADIO OFFICER ON BOARD THE WESTERN FARMER IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CHANNEL COLLISION: THE NORWEGIAN TANKER BJORGHOLM BACKING AWAY.

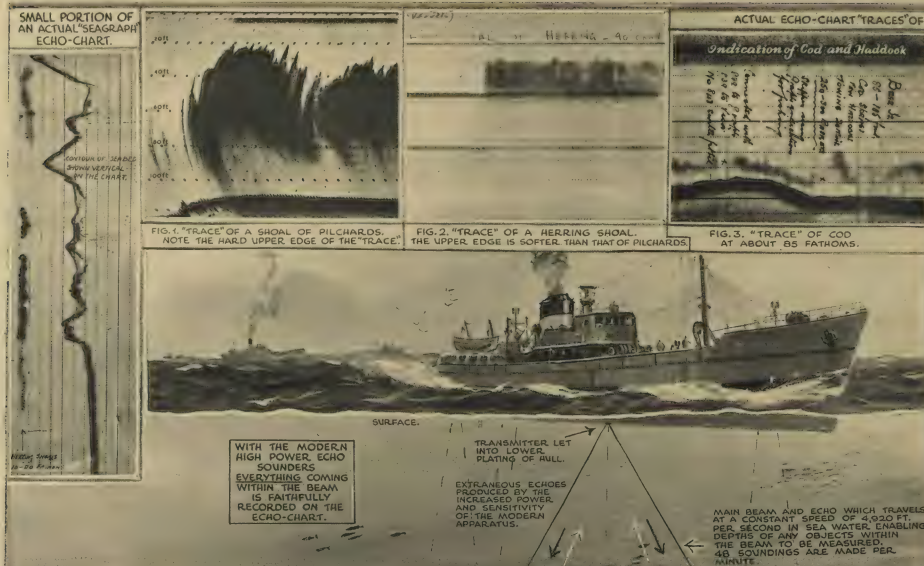


BEING TOWED OFF CALAIS ON AUGUST 21: THE STERN HALF OF THE AMERICAN LIBERTY SHIP WESTERN FARMER, THE SHIP WHICH BROKE IN TWO AFTER A COLLISION.



SINKING EIGHTEEN MILES OFF RAMSGATE: THE FORWARD PART OF THE WESTERN FARMER, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR, SHOWING ONLY THE BOWS ABOVE WATER.





### A NEW AID FOR THE FISHING FLEETS OF BRITAIN: THE ECHO-SOUNDER WHICH LOCATES SHOALS

The echo-sounder was primarily designed as an aid to navigation and later came into use as a marine survey instrument. It is now rapidly establishing a reputation as a method of locating shoals of fish from a trawler, and with the production of instruments of greatly increased power and sensitivity it is now possible to not only locate fish below the ship but also to recognise the different species. Dr. W. C. Hodgson, of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries Laboratory at Lowestoft, is an expert

on the location and recognition of fish species by the echo-sounder, and his interesting treatise on the subject, "Echo-Sounding and the Pelagic Fisheries," has been of considerable assistance in the preparation of this drawing. The echo-chart now in general use produces an image of practically everything in the water between the transmitter-receiver in the bottom plating of the trawler and the sea-bed. When these charts were first used it was noticed that the fish "traces" differed considerably and astute

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE MINISTRY



### OF FISH AND ENABLES THEIR SPECIES TO BE DETERMINED WITHOUT SHOOTING THE NETS.

trawler skippers, by taking "samples" of the fish in the vicinity of the ship, were able to discover the appropriate "pattern" for the various species of fish, and are now able to say, after glancing at the echo-chart, whether pilchards, herring, mackerel, etc., are in the fishing area. From the reproductions of actual "traces" along the top of these pages even an inexpert eye may see how the "patterns" produced vary with the different species. The task of watching the recorder is usually given to

some other member of the crew than the helmsman, for the chart-reader must give his undivided attention to every mark made by the stylus on the chart, for a faint line or a few small dots may mean the presence of fish, and these signs can only be identified after much practice. When such indications are seen the engines are stopped, and as the trawler loses way the dots resolve themselves into the outline of a shoal of fish whose exact depth may also be ascertained from the chart.

OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES AND MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION CO., LTD.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CAMPAIGNS OF OCEANIC WARFARE.

By CYRIL FALLS.

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

IN the sixth volume of his already famous war history, Professor Morison (now Rear-Admiral on the Honorary Retired List of the United States Navy) described the breaking of "the Bismarck Barrier." The Bismarck Archipelago represented a great obstacle, the main frame of which was formed from the islands of New Ireland and New Britain with their bases of Kavieng and Rabaul and the northern coast of New Guinea. Here was a section of the Pacific containing relatively large land masses. While this campaign was in progress, two others were fought in conditions which differed markedly from it and also from each other. One was the American offensive in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, in which the islands themselves were but minute pinpricks on a chart, though the lagoons, surrounded by coral atolls, might extend to hundreds of square miles. The area of Kwajalein atoll was



ONE OF THE MAIN OBJECTIVES IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS OPERATION: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE LANDINGS ON ROI-NAMUR, NEIGHBOURING ISLETS AT THE NORTHERN END OF KWAJALEIN ATOLL, THE WORLD'S LARGEST CORAL ATOLL. (JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 2, 1944.)

Roi-Namur was the principal Japanese air base in the Marshall Islands, and the task of capturing these neighbouring islets was given to the Northern Attack Force, which included the 4th Marine Division that had not previously been in action. The Japanese High Command had ordered the islets to be defended to the last man, and the garrison was very large for such a small area. Following an intensive bombardment from the sea and the air, in which some 6000 tons of explosives were used, landings were made on the morning of February 1. Roi was secured by 5.35 p.m. the same day, and the last organised resistance on Namur was subdued shortly after 2 p.m. on February 2.

*Illustrations reproduced from "Aleutians, Gilberts and Marshalls" (History of United States Naval Operations in World War II.—Vol. VII.), by courtesy of the publishers.*

839 square miles, and that of its ninety-seven islands 6½ square miles. The other campaign was waged in the far north for a chain of islands of considerable size, the Aleutians. One glance at this chain on the map sends the map-strategist into a frenzy of excitement, but in fact the nature of their weather zone rendered their strategic value altogether secondary.

The seventh volume is concerned with these events and covers almost exactly the same period as the sixth, midsummer 1942 to spring 1944.\* On the broader strategic scale all three campaigns are connected, both in respect of their objects and because the transfer of naval forces, particularly aircraft carriers, from one zone to another might cripple the side which made the transfer at a vital moment in the zone thus denuded. I shall dismiss the story of the Aleutians shortly, while admitting that the Japanese advance through them had to be checked, and not merely as a challenge to American prestige. It contains one little naval battle of an "old-fashioned" type—with no air intervention—glorious to American arms because fought against heavy odds, and creditable to American gunnery. This Battle of the Komandorski Islands had the effect of preventing the reinforcement of the Japanese garrison of Attu. The story goes on to describe the conquest of Attu after ferocious fighting in which the Japanese were killed almost to a man. It ends with broad comedy. A great amphibious operation was mounted against Kiska, expended a vast amount of ammunition, and then found that the garrison had deftly slipped away and that the island was empty. The Americans could only laugh wryly, reflect that evacuations do not win wars, and write:

You've heard the bloody tales of old  
Of fearless knights and warriors bold,  
But now the muse pens Tales of Kiska,  
Or, how we missed them by a whisker.

Intelligent nations generally know how their wars are fought and can follow the reasoning which dictates their plans. Professor Morison has to discuss a campaign in the Central Pacific which is far more difficult to comprehend than is ordinarily the case. I doubt whether the best-educated part of the American public realises what Nimitz, MacArthur and Halsey were getting at. I cannot name more than two or three men of my own acquaintance in this country possessed of more than an elementary notion of Pacific strategy. Briefly, the advance toward Japan could be made only by a careful combination of all arms: naval, to fight the Japanese fleet, provide escorts, cover landings, intercept Japanese transports and convoys; air, to range ahead, join in the bombardment of Japanese islands, strike from carriers, and afford overhead protection; land, to do the grimmest work of all, take and hold the islands. You could not, however, leapfrog forward across the open ocean. Therefore, in the Central Pacific the tiny islands,

perhaps only just long enough for the building of an airstrip, became vital. It might be worth while to challenge the whole power of Japan for one of them.

Of equal importance were the lagoons. Without the anchorages they afforded fleets could not operate at all in the centre of the ocean. They might, if accompanied by oilers, pass through and fight a battle if they encountered the enemy; but they could not occupy any part of the ocean without the anchorages, in which case the other fighting Services could not operate either. So suitable island bases and atoll anchorages had to be won. But neither an airstrip nor an anchorage a thousand miles from an advanced base will of itself suffice. The expeditionary forces of all arms had therefore to be made as far as possible self-sufficing. Thus emerged the typically American conception of the "floating" or "mobile" base. It is a wonderful story of technical skill and ingenuity, told in only a few pages by Professor Morison, though other sources are available for specialists. The hour produced the man, who had to be naval commander, contractor, repairer and caterer all in one, and proved to be so: Vice-Admiral W. L. Calhoun.

There were, of course, many complications affecting this simple theory. The objective would commonly be determined by the fact that the Japanese had, during the period when complete initiative lay in



THE PRINCIPAL JAPANESE NAVAL BASE IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS: KWAJALEIN ISLAND, WITH A U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE *Liberator* FLYING OVERHEAD. THE ISLAND WAS TAKEN BY THE SOUTHERN ATTACK FORCE, FEBRUARY 1-6, 1944, AFTER A GRIM STRUGGLE.

their hands, established a base, or at least constructed an airstrip, at the point in question. This state of affairs led to the bloodiest battles of the Pacific war, such as that of Tarawa, in the Gilberts; but at Makin the land fighting was, as the historian remarks, a "push-over," and it was the Navy that took the caning. Sometimes the sort of island wanted would be found unoccupied. Sometimes, as recorded in Volume VI. of the ideal base, Rabaul, this proved too strong to be taken. It was therefore neutralised and "by-passed." In that case the Americans went westward into the Admiralties, where they established the famous Manus base. As the operations recorded in these two volumes progressed, American power was growing and Japanese declining. In just one respect the Japanese maintained their supremacy. This was night fighting, and as it was commonly they, not the Americans, who invited a night action, they might hope for surprise on their side.

One of Professor Morison's most exciting chapters is entitled "Getting Set for the Marshalls." The events recorded in it explain the enthusiasm of the United States Navy for the fast carrier. "This was the first time the big carriers really demonstrated what they could do to help an amphibious operation." What they could do was overwhelming. They completely eliminated Japanese air power in the island group before a man was landed, and—what would have seemed fantastic a little earlier—during the landings not a single American naval vessel was

attacked by a hostile aircraft from first to last. Moreover, all the Japanese shipping which was not sunk cleared out. This did not avoid the need for severe fighting for Roi-Namur and Kwajalein islands, in the Marshalls, but it resulted in American casualties being small by comparison with those of the Gilberts. As I am one of those who believe that the aircraft carrier might still play a valuable part in war, I shall not be accused of prejudice if I say that the evidence of these volumes is not enough to support claims for an overriding rôle for them in future. The conditions here described have passed.

Some criticism of these campaigns for successive bases appeared at the time and has been repeated since. The methods may on occasion be open to criticism; indeed, the best criticism of the Gilberts' methods is provided by the performance in the Marshalls, with the backing of the experience gained in the former. The strategy is difficult to impugn. Professor Morison points out that possession of the newly acquired bases "raised the American horizon"; that is, the farthest sweep of search and carrier aircraft, another 2000 miles. It brought the Marianas and Palau within sight. From the Marshalls sailed the fast carriers to deal with Truk, the famous anchorage of the Japanese Combined Fleet. That fleet was not caught, because the commander realised what was coming and withdrew it, but the carrier strikes on Truk in February, 1944, were devastating. They cost the Japanese 137,000 tons of shipping, including two light cruisers, and about 250 aircraft, for the loss of twenty-five American aircraft. Truk was to require some further treatment, but it was already finished as a naval base. "Never again did the eight-rayed flag of Commander-in-Chief Combined Fleet meet the rising sun in Truk Lagoon."

It is curious to reflect that this fast carrier force had now become without any manner of doubt the main fleet of the United States. It was the most powerful fleet that had ever sailed the seas. True, it included a battleship fleet, cruisers, destroyers and the rest; but as matters turned out, the most useful guns in the battleships were the anti-aircraft guns. The striking force at Truk was made up of nine carriers and light carriers. It was a new kind of naval warfare, with a new kind of commander. Fine figures as were his superiors, it was Rear-Admiral Marc Mitscher who was the innovator in carriers' tactics, who handled this tremendous force in the manner which produced the maximum results from its potential power. And if the desire for a fleet battle so long entertained by the Japanese had faded, it was because they had lost so heavily in carriers and, unlike the United States, had not been able to replace their losses. Worse still from their point of view, they had stripped their carriers of aircraft to reinforce Rabaul, and sent a number of long-range bombers in the same direction. Here was an outstanding case of the interaction of the two campaigns. Even then it was the quality of the *Hellcat* naval fighter aircraft and their pilots which sealed the success.

Other topics of interest are to be found in these chapters. The activities of submarines on both sides, for example, are worthy of attention, but I have no space to speak of them. I want what remains to deal with the magnitude of the task which Professor Morison has undertaken and the remarkable progress he has made with it. The seventh volume takes him halfway. Seven more volumes are to come. And nine out of the fourteen are to deal with the war in the Pacific. There lies the clearest proof of where its main activities were directed. The first-published volume—actually numbered second—appeared in 1947. The pace of the production has thus been astonishing, particularly in view of the quality of the work. Even if, as may be the case, it is sometimes merely a question of imparting the Morison touch to work prepared by his staff, the achievement is a great



THE CAPTURE OF ENIWETOK ISLAND, FEBRUARY 19-23, 1944: L.V.T. TANKS GOING ASHORE IN THE FIRST WAVE OF THE ASSAULT—A TYPICAL AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION.

one. All the volumes bear the imprint of his personality, as racy and vigorous as his style. He is not afraid of technicalities, yet he contrives to keep the narrative extremely readable throughout. (I detect evidence his heart is in the Pacific, where indeed the operations are more interesting than those of the Atlantic and Mediterranean from the American point of view.) I can only wish him health and strength to finish this fine work because, personalities apart, it would be a literary tragedy if his hand were to fail him and the history were not to go down to posterity all of a piece throughout.

\* "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II., Vol. VII.: Aleutians, Gilberts and Marshalls, June 1942-April 1944." By Samuel Eliot Morison. (Oxford University Press; 42s.)





BRITAIN'S NEW TWO-SEAT ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER WHICH HAS "VERY MANY TIMES" FLOWN FASTER THAN SOUND: THE DE HAVILLAND 110, POWERED BY TWO ROLLS-ROYCE AVON AXIAL-FLOW JETS, WHICH IS CAPABLE OF OPERATING IN THE DIFFICULT TRANSONIC AND SUPERSONIC REALMS OF SPEED. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE SECOND PROTOTYPE.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST METAL FLYING-BOAT, THE SAUNDERS-ROE PRINCESS, ON THE SLIPWAY AT COWES, FROM WHICH SHE WAS FULLY LAUNCHED ON THE LATER NIGHT TIDE.

AUGUST 20 and 22 saw the publication of three news items of the first importance in the world of British aeronautics. In the first place, it was released that the De Havilland 110, a twin-boom, two-seat all-weather fighter, powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon jets, which had been on test since September, 1951, had on April 9, 1952, flown at a speed greater than sound and had repeated this performance on "very many occasions." It is stated that this aircraft combines high speed, a very high rate of climb and excellent manoeuvrability at extreme altitudes with all the practical qualifications of a modern all-weather two-seat fighter. On the same day it was also announced that the latest Boulton Paul delta-wing aircraft, the P.120, is undergoing trials. At midnight on August 20-21, the controversial Saunders-Roe Princess flying-boat, the first of three ordered in 1946 and the largest metal flying-boat in the world, was launched; and her taxi-ing trials were expected to begin the following day.



NOW UNDERGOING FLIGHT TRIALS: BRITAIN'S LATEST DELTA-WING AIRCRAFT, THE BOULTON-PAUL P.120, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT FOR AERODYNAMIC RESEARCH AT NEAR-SONIC SPEEDS. ITS ENGINE IS A ROLLS-ROYCE NENE TURBO-JET.

NEW ACHIEVEMENTS IN BRITISH AIRCRAFT: THE SUPERSONIC D.H. 110; A NEW DELTA-WING; AND THE PRINCESS.





BANISHING HARMFUL SPIRITS FROM THE PADDY FIELD: A DRUM SUMMONS THE SPIRITS TO THE SPOT WHERE AN OLD WOMAN WAVES A LIVE FOWL OVER THEM AND RECITES SPELLS.



PLACATING THE SPIRITS WHICH THEY HAVE BANISHED FROM THE PADDY FIELD: LAND DYAK WOMEN MAKE THE SPIRITS AMENABLE WITH OFFERINGS AND DANCING.



OFFERINGS TO INVOKE THE AID OF THE VILLAGERS' ANCESTORS. THOSE WHO WERE NOTED FOR SUCCESSFUL FARMING ARE CALLED UPON BY NAME.

# IN SARAWAK; NOW DISTURBED BY TERRORISTS: THE PEACEFUL AND LAW-ABIDING LAND DYAKS.

A state of emergency was declared in Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, on August 9, following the first Communist outrage in the colony, when a gang armed with automatic weapons killed a police corporal and wounded two others near Batu Kitang, nine miles from the capital. Calling themselves members of the Sarawak-Indonesian People's Liberation Army, the gang are believed to have

come from the Indonesian part of Borneo. There are no troops in Sarawak, but on August 17 General Sir Rob Lockhart, Director of Operations in Malaya, flew to Sarawak for a visit, and police contingents arrived from Malaya and North Borneo to assist in the investigations and reinforce the local constabulary. The Sea Dyaks form the largest communal group in Sarawak and their loyalty

Photographs by Dr. W. R. Geddes.



HOLDING A HAT AND WEARING A JAR CONTAINING A REPRESENTATION OF HER SOUL: A LAND DYAK WOMAN SEEKS PROTECTION FROM EVIL SPIRITS.



A SMALL HOUSEHOLD HELPER: A GIRL IN THE VILLAGE OF SUHU CARRYING UP WATER FROM THE STREAM IN TWO BAMBOO CONTAINERS.

[Continued opposite.]





PREPARING FOR A FESTIVAL: WOMEN CLEANING THE BAMBOO SECTIONS IN WHICH THE FOOD WILL BE COOKED, WHILE THE MEN BRING MORE BAMBOO FOR THE PLATFORMS UPON WHICH THE FOOD WILL BE OFFERED TO THE GODS BEFORE BEING EATEN BY THE PEOPLE.



PROUDLY HOLDING A NEW PADDLE WHICH HER GRANDFATHER HAD MADE FOR HER: GATIL, A LAND DYAK GIRL IN THE VILLAGE OF MENTU TAPUH.



RETURNING FROM THE FESTIVAL: A VISITOR FROM A NEIGHBOURING VILLAGE GOING HOME LADEN WITH BAMBOO FOOD-CONTAINERS WHICH SHE CARRIES ON HER BACK.

#### ONCE THE VICTIMS OF HEAD-HUNTERS: LAND DYAKS—LOYAL NATIVE INHABITANTS OF SARAWAK.

*Continued.*  
to the Government is unquestioned; they have provided trackers for service in Malaya, and could in an emergency be formed into an armed constabulary. The Land Dyaks, the indigenous inhabitants of the Division where the outrage occurred, have been co-operating with the police and have formed a volunteer unit and are patrolling the frontier, armed with their own shot-guns. Our photographs on

these pages were taken by Dr. W. R. Geddes, who recently spent two years among the Land Dyaks, making a socio-economic survey on behalf of the Colonial Social Science Research Council. He writes: "The Land Dyaks are a group of about 40,000 people living in the First Division of Sarawak. They are one of the oldest-established people in Borneo."

Photographs by Dr. W. R. Geddes.





IN A COLONY NOW DISTURBED BY COMMUNISTS: A SCENE IN THE LONG-HOUSE AT MENTU TAPUH, SARAWAK, SHOWING THE VERANDAH, WHICH IS USED MAINLY AS A SOCIAL CENTRE BY THE LAND DYAKS.

Following the Communist rising in Sarawak, which is recorded on pages 330 and 331, it was reported from Singapore on August 20 that the Indonesian Government had sent a mission to West Borneo to inquire into charges that the Communist terrorists of the so-called Sarawak-Indonesian People's Liberation Army are directed from a base in Pontianak, a port on the south-west coast of

West Borneo. On these pages, and elsewhere in this issue, we reproduce some photographs taken by Dr. W. R. Geddes, an anthropologist, of Land Dyaks, the inhabitants of the First Division of Sarawak. He writes: "To-day the Land Dyaks are a quiet, mild people, living in small, independent villages, often up small side streams. Their main livelihood comes from the shifting cultivation of

paddy on the undulating jungle countryside. They are an egalitarian people, under the tenuous leadership of the old men of their communities. There are no formal divisions of rank among them, and the differences of wealth are almost all the result of differing individual efforts. Although they work their fields in groups, they do so under a system of contracts by which the owner of each field

must give an equivalent return in labour for the help received." In the bad old days the Sea Dyaks were accustomed to collect their tribute of heads from the Land Dyaks. Sarawak, on the north-western side of Borneo, is 450 miles long and 40 to 100 miles deep. It has only 467 miles of roads, and of these only 154 miles rank as "all-weather" roads.

Photograph by Dr. W. R. Geddes.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

**M**ODERN sweet peas are undoubtedly a wonderful achievement in the matter of plant breeding and of painstaking cultivation. For people who like that sort of thing

they are exactly the sort of thing they like. Personally, I don't like them too well, and among them there are varieties and colours which I dislike intensely. They make me thankful that Keats lived at a time when sweet peas were still intensely sweet, and still unspoiled by over-breeding. If, for some reason, he had delayed his advent until the present day, he might never have "stood tip-toe upon a little hill," and never have written—

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight  
With wings of gentle flush  
o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching  
at all things,  
To bind them all about with  
tiny rings.

That is an enchanting and perfect description of sweet peas as I knew them as a small boy. In our walled kitchen-garden, which was almost as rich in flowers as in fruit and vegetables—there was always a long row of sweet peas, scrambling up a hedge of pea-sticks. They were a mixed strain of what were known as "grandiflora" sweet peas, to distinguish them, I suppose, from the even earlier, more primitive forms of *Lathyrus odoratus*. The plants were thrifty and wiry, and the flowers, never more than three on a 5- to 6-in. stem, were intensely fragrant, and had the true winged butterfly appearance. They looked as though they really were "on tip-toe for a flight" and might quite safely become airborne. There was not much variety of colour among them. The commonest had a violet keel and maroon-purple standard and wings. There was, I think, a light lavender-blue self, and there was the charming "Painted Lady," with her "gentle flush o'er delicate white." As a small boy I prized particularly a curious slatey-mauve roan variety. There were seldom more than two or three specimens of this roan in a whole long row of the others, and it was, I suppose, its comparative rarity that made it precious to me.

In Maund's "Botanic Garden, 1833," there is an exquisite little colour-plate of these old sweet peas, a white self, the violet and maroon, and "Painted Lady." The flower stems of the grandiflora sweet peas, as we grew them, were usually so short that the only satisfactory way of gathering them for the house was to pick whole branches, 12 or 18 ins. long, with leaves, tendrils, buds and open flowers complete, and it is gathered thus and arranged in a bowl that they look most beautiful in the house. Extravagant, gathering them buds and all? Not a bit of it. Leaves, tendrils and buds add greatly to the charm of the open flowers themselves. We gathered freely in this way, and there was never any shortage.

On those sweet-pea hedges I was taught one of the most important of lessons in horticulture—that to keep annuals flowering over a long period they must not be allowed to set seeds. I was given the job of going over the hedge and cutting off all fading flowers and would-be seed-pods.

*Lathyrus odoratus*, the original wild sweet pea of Sicily and South Italy, is said to have been first sent to this country in 1699. What the colour of the flowers of the wild species was, or is, I do not know, though I suspect it was the

### REALLY SWEET PEAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

violet and maroon type. The leading raiser of new varieties of "grandiflora" sweet peas was Henry Eckford. In 1900 a change took place. A new "break" appeared among sweet peas. Two varieties occurred with larger flowers, and standards that were waved and frilled. These varieties were "Countess Spencer" and "Gladys Unwin," and from that point the modern sweet peas were bred and developed, with larger flowers, longer, stouter stems, and more flowers

on each stem. At the same time new colours were developed. No longer did the flowers look as though they could safely become airborne. What were standards and wings in their ancestors had become frilly, wavy furbelows. They have lost much of their old grace and light-hearted charm. And, almost worst of all, they

have lost much of their fragrance. Some of the colours among the modern sweet peas are charming, but some, especially the passionate shrimps and vicious salmon-scarlets, are horrible. That there are countless folk who dote on them makes them no less horrible.

But the most terrible thing is the way these peas are grown. They are trained up a sort of screen of wires and bamboos which looks as though it were intended to keep out hostile aircraft. The plants are grown as cordons with a single stem, from which all side-shoots are pinched out. But wait—the greatest horror, the foulest crime is yet to come. The tendrils, the "taper fingers catching at all things, to bind them all about with tiny rings," are cut off. Why, I know not. Gardeners are not, as a rule, sadists by nature. But I have this practice advocated in cold print before me as I write. One could wish that the "taper fingers catching at all things" could catch the perpetrators of such horrors firmly by the throat.

I quite realise that as cut flowers for market—for the florists' shops—sweet peas could not be cut and bunched and got to market in the way that I like to

have them, as whole bunches, leaves, buds, tendrils and all. For this reason the long, clear stems of the modern sweet pea, as cultivated to-day, are the most satisfactory. But for private and home use I strongly recommend the old "grandiflora" peas—if you can get the seed—grown in a free-and-easy manner on pea-sticks, and without their fingers cut off.

For many, many years I have wanted to make a little expedition to Sicily to see *Lathyrus odoratus* growing wild, and to collect and bring home some of the seed. It would be amusing to exhibit the original wild sweet pea at the National Sweet Pea Society's Show in London. To my regret this has been one of the innumerable expeditions which I have planned but which never came off. Last year I was sent seeds of *Lathyrus odoratus* from Sicily, and I greatly hoped that they would prove to be the wild type. They are, however, what I take to be sweet peas—the grandiflora forms of my childhood—as grown in gardens in Sicily. Although they are not what I hoped and expected, I am extremely glad to have them. Next year I plan to have a whole hedge of them. There are a good many of the old violet and maroon type, varying a good deal in their tone of colour; there are a number of good, honest pinks, and there is my old friend "Painted Lady," but not as yet the slatey-roan. Not one of these peas has had more than three flowers to a stem.

On one point these old peas have satisfied me, and confirmed what I had long believed—that their fragrance was stronger than in the big, modern varieties. I had sometimes wondered whether this belief was a false one, due perhaps to prejudice and imagination. All who saw them flowering here this summer instinctively stooped to smell them, without suggestion or comment from me, and all exclaimed with enthusiasm at their fragrance.



OLD-FASHIONED SWEET PEAS, LIKE THOSE OF KEATS—"ON TIP-TOE FOR A FLIGHT WITH WINGS OF GENTLE FLUSH O'ER DELICATE WHITE, AND TAPER FINGERS CATCHING AT ALL THINGS, TO BIND THEM ALL ABOUT WITH TINY RINGS."

A photograph taken by Mr. Elliott many years ago, when "in our walled kitchen-garden . . . there was always a long row of sweet peas, scrambling up a hedge of pea-sticks. . . . The flowers . . . were intensely fragrant, and had the true winged butterfly appearance. They looked as though they really were 'on tip-toe for a flight' and might quite safely become airborne."



A SPRAY OF *LATHYRUS ODORATUS*, GROWN FROM SEED WHICH MR. ELLIOTT OBTAINED FROM SICILY IN THE HOPE THAT IT MIGHT BE THE ORIGINAL WILD SWEET PEA, BUT WHICH, AFTER GROWING THEM, HE BELIEVES TO BE "SWEET PEAS—THE GRANDIFLORA FORMS OF MY CHILDHOOD—AS GROWN IN GARDENS IN SICILY."

Photograph by Peter Pritchard.



## COOKING IN AN EMERGENCY: THE CONSTRUCTION OF EFFICIENT RANGES FROM SALVAGE, AND THEIR USE.

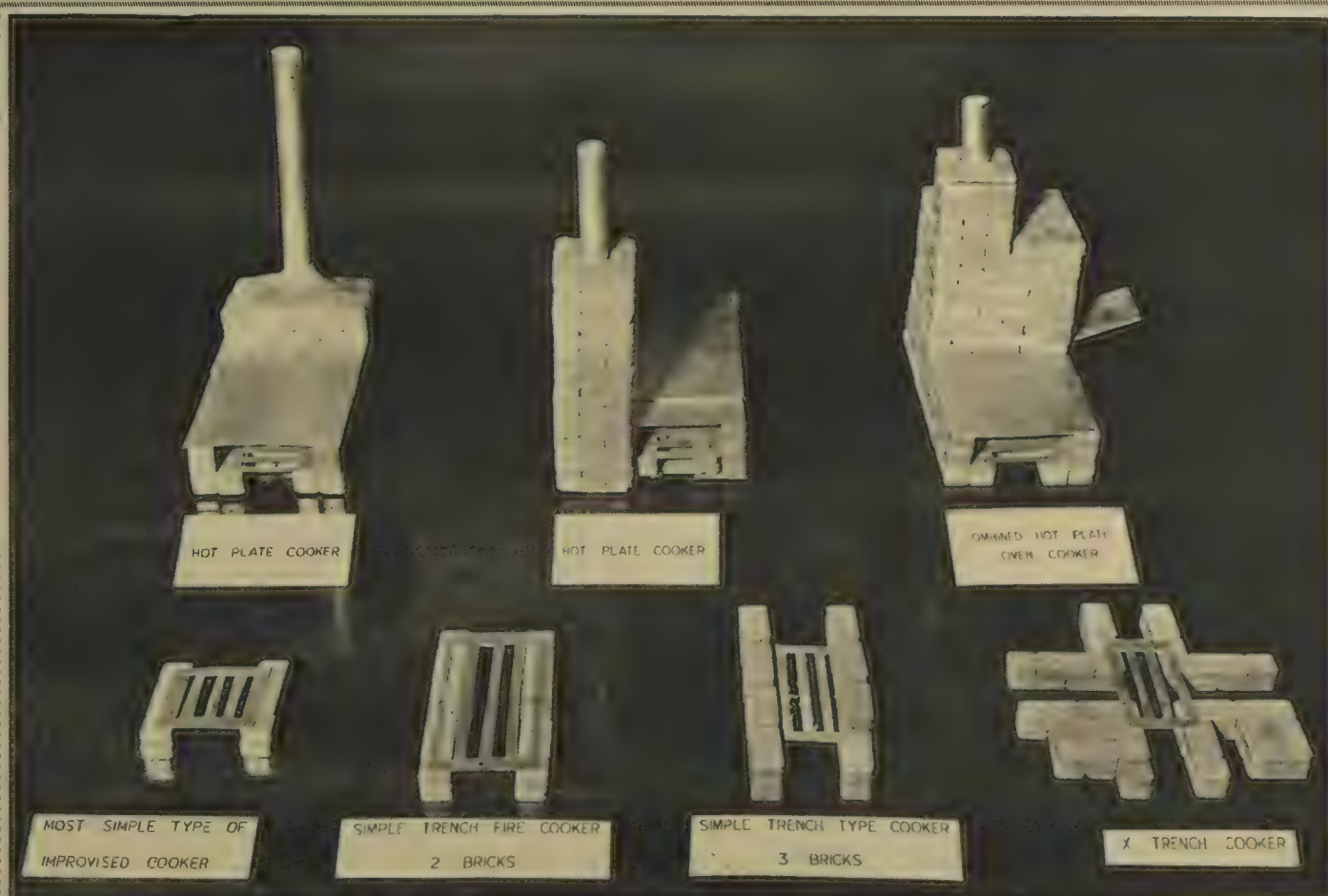


(LEFT.)  
DEMONSTRATORS  
BUILDING AN  
IMPROVISED  
EMERGENCY COM-  
BINED BOILING  
PLATE AND OVEN:  
THE BASE AND THE  
TOP OF THE  
CHIMNEY-STACK  
ARE BEING PLACED  
FIRMLY IN POSITION  
WITH PUG.



(RIGHT.)  
LIGHTING AN  
IMPROVISED COOKER  
OF THE HOT-PLATE  
TYPE: A DEMON-  
STRATOR WHO USED  
WOOD, PAPER AND  
STRAW TO START THE  
FIRE, WHICH WAS  
THEN FED WITH  
HOUSEHOLD COAL.

EMERGENCY cooking is one of the subjects with which the Welfare Section of the Civil Defence Corps is occupied, as the strategy and tactics of emergency feeding form a necessary branch of its preparations, and it is one of the sections of Civil Defence which needs women volunteers. The technique of emergency cooking includes that of constructing ranges from salvaged materials such as bricks, mud, metal sheets, iron grids, pieces of tin, drain-pipe sections, dust-bins, oil-drums and water-tanks. On this page we illustrate small-scale models of emergency cookers and also show ranges in use. The simplest types consist of an iron grid laid across a couple of bricks; or a cross-trench cooker. It is possible to cook for some twenty-five people on a single arm cooker, or for about 100 on a cross-trench cooker. Improvised cookers of the hot-plate type can be constructed with second-hand or salvaged bricks bonded with a mixture of sifted earth, sand and water. Wood, paper and straw can be used to get the fire burning, and it can then be maintained with salvaged planks of wood. These are a useful type of emergency range, as the fire is not seriously affected by rain, and should black-out precautions be necessary, it will not contravene them.



MODELS OF EMERGENCY COOKING EQUIPMENT: ON THE LOWER ROW, TRENCH FIRE COOKERS WITH LAYERS OF BRICKS, AND IRON GRIDS; A CROSS-TRENCH COOKER AND, ABOVE, HOT-PLATE COOKERS AND A BOILING-PLATE AND OVEN.



A CROSS-TRENCH COOKER IN USE: A W.V.S. DEMONSTRATOR ADDING EXTRA FUEL TO THE WOOD-BURNING ARM OF THE CROSS-TRENCH COOKER; SOLID FUEL WAS USED IN THE OTHER TWO TRENCHES.



SHOWING HOW SEVERAL DISHES CAN BE PREPARED ON AN IMPROVISED HOT-PLATE COOKER AT THE SAME TIME: MEMBERS OF THE W.V.S. DEMONSTRATING THE PREPARATION OF AN EMERGENCY MEAL.



# **PORTRAITS WHICH MAY BE RECOGNISED: CAPTIVE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN KOREA.**



WALTER WHITING, HUDDERSFIELD; CORPORAL PETER WILLIAMS, BRADFORD, PRIVATE BRYAN HOYLE, HUDDERSFIELD; PRIVATE DEREK ACKROYD, BINGLEY, YORKS. (L. TO R.)



IN A KOREAN P.O.W. CAMP: PRIVATE GEORGE MARSHALL (LEFT), OF HARROGATE, AND PRIVATE HORACE D. BARKER, OTLEY.



ALBERT QUINN, OF LEEDS; C. HOLLAND, OF CASTLEFORD; AND GEORGE W. SMITH, OF ROTHERHAM (L. TO R.): THREE OF THE YORKSHIREMEN NOW IN COMMUNIST HANDS.



CORPORAL JACK ARNALL, OF HECKMONDWIKE, YORKS; AND ERIC FAWCETT, OF BUTTERSHORE, BRADFORD, YORKS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF P.O.W.S RECEIVED FROM A COMMUNIST SOURCE.

On this and the facing page we publish photographs received from a Communist source, stated to represent British prisoners of war in Korea at Prison Camp 5 in Pyok-Dong. The names have, it is stated, been checked against the list originally supplied by the Communist delegation at Panmunjom in December, 1951. Ranks were not given, but have been inserted where indicated in the original list. Though the fact that the guitar and the boat appear in several of the photographs suggests that the pictures were intended as propaganda,



TWO CAPTURED NOTTINGHAM MEN, NOW PRISONERS OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF COMMUNISTS IN KOREA: PRIVATE PETER HUDDLESTONE (LEFT) AND CORPORAL HUGH AITKEN.



PRIVATE FRED MOORE, OF CHORLEY, LANCs; JOSEPH HORROBIN, FROM WIGAN, LANCs AND RONALD COCKS, OF WEST CROYDON, SURREY. (L. TO R.)



GEORGE HOBSON, OF LIVERPOOL; EDWIN PEACH, OF BLAKENALL HEATH, NEAR WALSALL; ROBERT GORE, OF LIVERPOOL; AND EDWARD F. SPENCER, OF LIVERPOOL.

the smiling faces and air of well-being of the prisoners will lessen the anxiety of friends and relations who may recognise them from these photographs. The question of the exchange and repatriation of prisoners of war is the chief obstacle to any progress being made at the Armistice talks. The State Department in Washington announced on July 24 that, in a Note delivered at the Soviet Foreign Office on the previous day, they had requested the Soviet Union to use its influence to make the North Korean and Chinese Communist

(Continued opposite.)



BRITONS IN KOREAN PRISON CAMPS:  
SOLDIERS STATED TO BE AT PYOK-DONG.



THREE CAPTURED SCOTS: ALEXANDER SMALL, FIFE; PRIVATE ROBERT McDONALD, KIRRIEMUIR; AND PRIVATE ALEX MCLEOD, FROM GLASGOW. (L. TO R.)



ULSTERMEN HELD BY THE NORTH KOREANS: SAMUEL H. GREER, BELFAST; EDWARD ENGLISH, FROM LISBURN; AND CORPORAL JAMES HANNAWAY, FROM BELFAST. (L. TO R.)



THREE SCOTTISH PRISONERS OF WAR: PRIVATE RODERICK MUNRO, OF PERTH; CORPORAL ALEXANDER EWAN, PERTH; AND EDWARD DIGAN, FROM DUNDEE. (L. TO R.)



TWO ENGLISHMEN FROM THE MIDLANDS: PRIVATE ALBERT KNOTT (LEFT), OF NOTTINGHAM, AND PRIVATE EDWARD HART, OF ILKESTON, DERBYSHIRE.



A SCOTTISH AND A DUTCH P.O.W. AND WHAT APPEARS TO BE A COMMUNAL GUITAR: LANCE-CORPORAL ALLAN G. MCKELL (LEFT), GLASGOW; AND AAD BIEVER, WOUVERMAN STRAAT 164, THE HAGUE.

Governments comply with the Geneva Convention on the treatment of P.O.W.s. The Note listed particular provisions of importance. First, inspection of P.O.W. camps had not been permitted; second, relief parcels had not been delivered; and third, prison camps had been placed near military objectives. In the House of Commons on July 21, Mr. Nutting, Under-Secretary, the Foreign Office, stated that though the Chinese Government had decided to recognise, with some reservations, the Geneva Conventions of 1949, no useful

purpose would be served by the appointment of a protecting Power in China, because, so far, the Chinese had maintained that the custody of the prisoners was a matter for the North Korean authorities solely. But the Government were taking steps to clarify the situation. On August 15 the United Nations released the text of a message from General Nam Ill to the senior Allied Delegate at Panmunjom truce talks in which a map was enclosed, showing the location of prison camps, information which had long been requested:



## THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF OCCUPATION OF FIVE-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD MARI IN NORTH-WEST MESOPOTAMIA:

### BRILLIANT MINIATURE SCULPTURE, AN UNKNOWN ZIGGURAT AND A UNIQUE WOODEN BOX UNCOVERED IN THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS.

By PROFESSOR ANDRÉ PARROT, Chief Curator of the National Museums of France, Professor of the Ecole du Louvre and Director of the French Expeditions to Mari since 1934.

THE excavation of the city of Mari, the successive phases of which have already been described in *The Illustrated London News* (October 13, 1934; September 7, 1935; October 31, 1936; October 30, 1937; May 28, 1938), owing to the Second World War had been temporarily suspended. Thanks, however, to the friendly encouragement of the Syrian Government, work was resumed during the winter season of 1951-52. It was therefore the seventh exploration carried out on the original site by members of the same field expedition which, in the spring of 1934, brought to light the lost city of Mari at Tell Hariri, near Abu-Kemal.

In 1938, during our sixth season, the expedition had marked out in the centre of the city a ziggurat which, from its position, dominated a succession of superimposed sanctuaries. This previous knowledge explains the reason for resuming our researches in this section of the dig, obviously the most sacred part of the city and the place where we had every reason and hope of finding some of the twenty-five temples whose description, inscribed on a cuneiform tablet, had already been deciphered by Mr. Dossin.

An initial start was made by exploring the northern extremity of this religious area, a hill adjacent to the ziggurat, and we commenced work with this end in view. From the outset, the excavation disclosed a necropolis of the Seleucid and Assyrian periods, completely intact, but on the whole of poor quality. There were two types of Seleucid graves: terra-cotta coffins, with or without lids, and huge jars from which large pieces had been cut away in order to facilitate the inserting of the dead (Fig. 9). We were able to take excellent photographs of the

with flat handles and a lid. A rare and possibly unique find in Mesopotamia, where the damp soil has invariably corroded manufactured woodwork. Rescued with great care, this treasure is now in the Damascus Museum (Fig. 5).

In extending our excavations, we connected with our dig of 1938. The direct result of this junction led to the unexpected discovery of an enormous construction made of sun-dried bricks of reddish hue (hence the name of "Massif rouge" which we gave it). Legitimate deduction pointed to the fact that we were in the presence of

in profusion were bone fragments and chips of mother-of-pearl stripped from a large mosaic panel illustrating a religious scene, in which we identified the figures of men with nude torsos, and hands joined in prayer (Fig. 4), and others leading the animal destined to be sacrificed. Judging from a very beautiful feminine profile, women were also admitted to these ceremonies (Fig. 1).

The excavations at Ur, Kish and Mari had already acquainted us with the delicate and ancient art of shell mosaic; the pieces found this year confirmed the high degree of technical skill attained.

The archaic ziggurat of the commencement of the Third Millennium had been severely damaged owing to the passage of time, and doubtless from the effects of a war (Eannatum of Lagash, or Sargon of Akkad).

It had been restored and then surrounded by a solid enclosure of sun-baked bricks. Ample evidence still remained of the north-west façade of the structure uncovered, enabling us to judge its graceful lines, enhanced by pilasters and recesses. Thus two buildings were found superimposed (Fig. 7); the last one must have suffered through war and the events which witnessed the destruction of Mari, under blows received from Hammurabi, King of Babylon about 1760 B.C.

From the foregoing conclusions, we may now regard the ziggurat, which we brought to light in 1937 (*Illustrated London News*, 1938, May 28), as of comparatively recent date, and feel justified in attributing it to the Assyrian occupation of the city, which lasted for several centuries.

Successive destructions undergone by these buildings explain why, rebuilt many times, they were found superimposed. This, too, was the reason so many of the objects were found broken. Amongst them a remarkably interesting find must be mentioned: a huge vessel decorated with lions carved in relief, and with a curious scene engraved, depicting a worshipper offering a kid to a deity represented in an attitude hitherto unknown in Babylonia (Fig. 10). So far, we have been unable to decide with which god of the pantheon it may be identified.

Amongst scores of objects found, mention must be made of a very fine Akkadian cylinder seal, depicting the well-known scene from the epic of Gilgamesh and Enkidu subduing the wild beasts (Fig. 6). This group, delineated with great strength and



FIG. 1. CARVED IN BONE: A FEMALE HEAD IN PROFILE, PROBABLY PART OF A BONE-AND-SHELL MOSAIC, FOUND IN A THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C. SANCTUARY AT MARI, NEAR THE EUPHRATES. IT IS BELIEVED TO IMPLY THAT FEMALE WORSHIPPERS WERE ADMITTED TO THE SANCTUARY'S CULT.



FIG. 2. THE PROFILE VIEW OF A MAGNIFICENT SMALL HEAD IN STONE, CARVED IN GREAT DETAIL AND STILL PRESERVING TRACES OF SHELL AND LAPIS-LAZULI INCRUSTATION. SEE ALSO FIG. 3.

an archaic ziggurat of the Early Dynastic Period. It was not, however, possible completely to uncover the whole of this enormous edifice during this season. A wide trench, dug in the centre of the building (Fig. 8), revealed a foundation deposit *in situ*. This deposit recalled those discovered in the Temple of Ishtar in 1934, thus enabling us to attribute a definite date to this new monument. The actual base of the ziggurat was found at a depth of over 29 feet.

From the remotest times the ziggurat had been surrounded by numerous sanctuaries. Two of these were found on the north-eastern and north-western flanks, but owing to the lack of time they were not completely explored. The mass of votive offerings found

abandoned, all of which had unfortunately been broken in antiquity, proved sufficient evidence for us to date these sanctuaries as also of the Early Dynastic Period. There were characteristic Kaunakes, or flounced-skirt statuettes, and a magnificent stone head of a man, with features intact, and eyes encrusted with shell and lapis-lazuli (Figs. 2 and 3). Scattered



FIG. 3. THE THREE-QUARTER VIEW OF THE STONE HEAD SHOWN IN FIG. 2. ALTHOUGH ONLY ABOUT 1½ INS. HIGH, IT IS OF THE GREATEST BRILLIANCE AND VIVIDNESS. THE SCALLOPED LINE ABOVE THE BROW WOULD SEEM TO IMPLY THAT IT WAS A DETAIL OF A LARGER PIECE OF SCULPTURE.

bodies still enveloped in their shrouds as well as of the accompanying funeral furniture.

All the Assyrian tombs (dating from the end of the Second and the beginning of the First Millennium B.C.) were composed of two large vessels placed with the apertures touching. Here, too, we found objects of interest, amongst others, a wooden box,

grace, contributes a further proof that the Akkadian Period was also a great epoch at Mari. And yet, nothing has surpassed in brilliance the Early Dynastic Age, which now stands revealed in all its vigour and its grandeur.

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## FRESH FINDS FROM THE 5000-YEAR-OLD MESOPOTAMIAN CITY OF MARI.



FIG. 4. TWO WORSHIPPERS IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER—BONE AND ORIGINALLY FORMING PART OF A BONE-AND-SHELL MOSAIC, FOUND IN A THIRD MILLENNIUM SANCTUARY AT MARI.



FIG. 6. THE IMPRESSION OF A BRILLIANT CYLINDER-SEAL OF THE AKKADIAN PERIOD (c. 2300 B.C.), SHOWING THE HEROES GILGAMESH AND ENKIDU VANQUISHING WILD BEASTS. THE INSCRIPTION GIVES THE OWNER'S NAME—NAM-GI.



FIG. 7. THE NORTH-WEST FACADE OF THE ARCHAIC ZIGGURAT AT MARI, WITH PILASTERS AND HOLLOWED NICHES. TWO SUCCESSIVE STRUCTURES CAN BE SEEN.



FIG. 9. A HUGE FUNERARY JAR OF THE SELEUCID PERIOD CLEARLY SHOWING THE SECTION WHICH WAS CUT, IN ANTIQUITY, TO ALLOW THE INSERTION OF THE BODY.

the conquests of Alexander the Great, has been excavated by a French Expedition under Professor Parrot since 1934 up to the war, and the seventh season, that of the winter of 1951-52, saw the resumption of excavations by the same team. On the facing page, Professor Parrot, who is the Chief Curator of the National Museums of France, describes this last season's work, the highlights of which have been the discovery of a Third Millennium ziggurat, some exquisite miniature sculpture and a remarkably preserved wooden box.

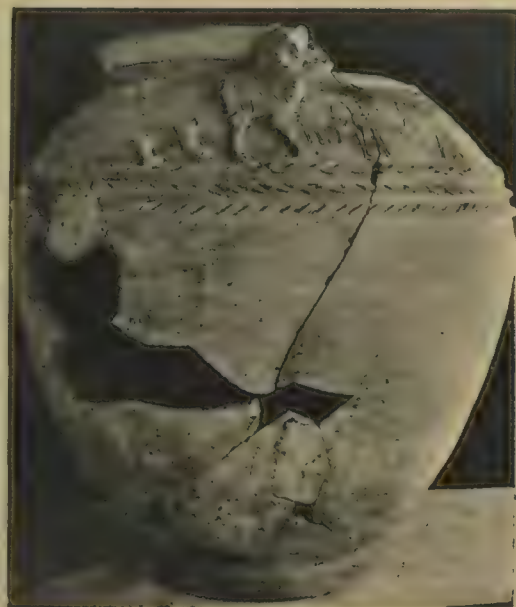


FIG. 5. A DISCOVERY PROBABLY UNIQUE IN MESOPOTAMIAN ARCHÆOLOGY: A WELL-PRESERVED WOODEN BOX, WITH LID, WHICH HAD SURVIVED FROM THE ASSYRIAN PERIOD.



(ABOVE.)  
FIG. 8. THE EXPLORATORY TRENCH—29½ FT. DEEP—DUG INTO THE CENTRE OF THE ZIGGURAT, WHICH REVEALED A FOUNDATION DEPOSIT PROVING THE BUILDING TO BE OF THE EARLY DYNASTIC PERIOD.

(RIGHT.)  
FIG. 10. A HUGE POTTERY CULT VESSEL, WITH A FRIEZE OF LIONS IN RELIEF, WITH, ENGRAVED, A MAN OFFERING A SACRIFICIAL ANIMAL TO A SEATED DEITY (EXTREME RIGHT).







# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WHEN I first heard the story of the turkeys, the man recounting it was unaware that I was listening. He was telling it in quiet, matter-of-fact tones, to an audience of one, so that there was neither the setting for playing to the gallery, nor any semblance of exaggeration. After I had heard the first few sentences, my attention was riveted on the speaker's words. When he had finished, I went into the room and asked him if he would repeat his story. I did this for one reason only, to see if there was any variation in the second telling. So far as I could see there was none. Here briefly was the story: he was staying on a farm where a few turkeys were kept, for private consumption, so to speak. One morning the farmer's wife pointed to a turkey in the yard surrounded by the rest of the flock, and remarked that the turkey was sick and unlikely to recover, and that if he watched it he would see something interesting. He saw the sick turkey surrounded by a ring of other hen turkeys facing inwards. Outside the ring stood the cock turkey—the gobbler—displaying all his feathers. Then he blew out his "wattles" (i.e., carunculations

## A TURKEY'S CEREMONIAL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

instance of this. The old and familiar story tells of rooks gathered in a ring, with a dejected-looking rook in the centre. After a certain amount of cawing the dejected individual is set upon by the rest and left dead on the ground. This has always been interpreted as the rooks holding a court, trying one of their number for some alleged misdemeanour. And when the "culprit" has been found "guilty" punishment has

If, then, we ask whether the story of the alleged ceremonial killing by turkeys is feasible, the affirmative is given by orthodox zoology. It might be argued that, while a compassionate killing is credible, such an elaborate ceremony accompanying it is not. On the other hand, according to the modern school of animal behaviourists, nest-building and courtship particularly, especially in gregarious species of birds, are accompanied by a stereotyped ceremonial which is innate, and the pattern of the ceremonial is often much more complicated than the one described for the turkeys. There is, in fact, nothing more remarkable in the alleged ceremony of the turkeys than there



SHOWING A CIRCLE OF HEN TURKEYS ROUND A SICK BIRD AND THE COCK, IN FULL DISPLAY, ABOUT TO ADMINISTER THE *coup de grâce*: AN ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION OF A SUPPOSED COMPASSIONATE KILLING. An eye-witness has described the killing of a mortally sick hen turkey following an elaborate ceremonial. In this, the rest of the hens ranged themselves in a circle round the bird while the cock, in full display, administered the *coup de grâce*. The story of the ceremonial awaits confirmation, but it can be shown, in the light of modern researches into bird behaviour, to be not impossible. [From the drawing by J. Burton.]

on the neck) and, uttering the characteristic gobbling call, advanced towards the ring of hens. As he did so, the hens bowed their heads to the ground. The gobbler then retired to his former position, and the hens raised their heads again. A second time the gobbler displayed his feathers, gave the gobbling call and advanced towards the ring of hens. Again the hens bowed low. The third time this was repeated, the gobbler, instead of halting and retiring, as before, strode straight through the ring of hens, struck the sick turkey with each spur, and strode away, leaving it prostrate; whereupon each hen in turn advanced towards it, pecked at its head and left it stretched-out dead.

Confirmation of this story is difficult to obtain, but I have it from one other source. My enquiries among those who farm turkeys on a large scale have, however, led to the reply that sick birds are quickly killed off for fear that they might infect the rest so that, presumably, the opportunity for such a ceremonial is not given. It might be objected that, in the instance recounted, it would have been more humane if the turkey had been dispatched by human hands; but since the whole ceremony took little more time than it takes to read the account of it, such a killing by its own kind was probably more humane. It might also be objected that the story is gruesome. My reply would be that it is less distasteful than the sight of a farmyard hen left in a flurry of feathers crouching in the road, mortally hurt by a passing motor-car, or the thought that thousands of similar incidents take place each day on the main roads of the world. For whereas these, however unintentional, are destructive killings, often leading to a lingering death, if our story be true, it is a positive example of compassionate killing.

It is recognised by zoologists that there is such a thing as compassionate killing, although details of specific cases are not easy to find in the scientific records. It is assumed nowadays, for example, that the so-called rooks' parliaments are an



SHOWING THE STRONG SEXUAL DIMORPHISM: A TURKEY-COCK WITH HENS—THE COCK BEING LARGER, WITH MORE ELABORATE DISPLAY OF FEATHERS AND COMPLICATED HEAD AND NECK ORNAMENTS. It is usual where sexual dimorphism exists to find stereotyped ceremonial entering into all important events in a bird's life.

been meted out. Now it is assumed that the "culprit" is sick beyond hope of recovery and is killed compassionately by its fellows. Presumably the only reason for such proceedings having been named a parliament lies in the amount of chattering that goes on.

especially as he advanced towards the hens, they would adopt the attitude of symbolical inferiority, and this could be broadly described as bowing low. They would also revert to the normal position as he retired.

The story of the turkeys may or may not be true.

I await further evidence on this. On the other hand, it could be true without transgressing the bounds of orthodox zoological beliefs. The evidence, so far as I have been able to test it, is sound. And perhaps the most convincing thing is the remark made by the original teller of this story, added as an afterthought: "After seeing this I understood for the first time the meaning of the gathering of the rooks I used to see as a boy." He has no claim to special zoological knowledge, and I was satisfied by subsequent questioning that he knew nothing of the modern interpretation of the rooks' parliament.

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# INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW WINNERS, AND OUR OLYMPICS JUMPING TEAM AT THE WHITE CITY.



WINNER OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH II. CUP FOR LADY RIDERS OF ANY NATIONALITY: MRS. RICH ON HER LITTLE GREY BARB, QUICKSILVER III., TAKING THE SIX-BARRED GATE.

IN his foreword to the catalogue of the Thirty-third International Horse Show, presented by the British Horse Society at the White City from August 18 to 23, the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Show, pointed out that its object is to encourage the breeding and presentation of the right type of horse and pony and, at the same time, show them in all their brilliance—a goal which is certainly achieved. The cold and wet weather of the opening day did not damp the general enthusiasm over the presentation of the Golden

(Continued below, left.



RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM MRS. ANSELL: MR. BRIAN BUTLER ON TANKARD, WINNER OF THE "DAILY MAIL" CHAMPION CUP, DECIDED ON THE LAST DAY.



RECEIVING THE WINSTON CHURCHILL CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE SUPREME CHAMPION RIDING HORSE, FROM THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT: MR. BANKS ON MR. W. H. COOPER'S MIGHTY ATOM.



WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. CUP, THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP IN JUMPING: SEÑOR CARLOS FIGUEROA, ON HIS GRACIEUX, THE ONLY ENTRANT FROM SPAIN, WITH HIS TROPHY.



THE WINNER OF THE JUVENILE JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIP: A. MAKIN, WHO ACHIEVED THE ONLY CLEAR ROUND ON MR. C. MAKIN'S SPRINGBOK, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM MRS. V. D. S. WILLIAMS.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP: THE WINNING BRITISH TEAM (L. TO R.), MISS PAT SMYTHE ON TOSCA II., LIEUT.-COLONEL LLEWELLYN ON FOXHUNTER, MR. W. H. WHITE ON NISSEFELLA, AND MR. P. ROBESON ON CRAVEN A. THIS IS THE FOURTH YEAR THE BRITISH TEAM HAS WON.

(Continued.)

Spurs to Britain's winning Olympics jumping team, which was preceded and played into the ring by the trumpeters of the Household Cavalry, who later headed the parade of the foreign competitors. Separate presentations were also made to Lieut.-Colonel M. P. Ansell and Lieut.-Colonel J. Talbot Ponsonby, trainer of the team. For the first time a woman rider, Miss Pat Smythe, was included in the British team which won the Prince of Wales' Cup, the final scores being: Great Britain, 4 faults; America 29 and Ireland 56. The King George V. Cup,



THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH OLYMPICS JUMPING TEAM IN THE ARENA: LIEUT.-COLONEL H. M. LLEWELLYN ON FOXHUNTER, MR. W. H. WHITE ON NISSEFELLA, AND LIEUT.-COLONEL D. N. STEWART ON AHERLOW. THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT PRESENTED GOLDEN SPURS TO THEM ON AUGUST 18.

the individual championship in jumping, was won by the only Spanish competitor, Señor Carlos Figueroa on Gracieux, who is the first Spaniard to win the trophy. He beat Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn on Mr. Hanson's *The Monarch* in a thrilling jump-off with four faults in the barrage against eight by *The Monarch*. *Mighty Atom* won the Winston Churchill Cup for the second year in succession, and the Children's Jumping again demonstrated the high standard of our young horsemen and horsewomen.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE STORY OF SPOONS.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

agreeable finish to any small object—and the point at the end of a spur has an obviously functional purpose. The similarity could well be wholly fortuitous. I mention this, not by way of criticism, for Commander How's opinion on this minor matter

may be correct, but to indicate how widely he spreads his net and what interesting speculations can emerge from a pursuit which at first sight seems confined to a very small compass. You can almost take a single spoon and build up from it the social history of a generation.

I FORGET how many years it is since I first met the author of this enormous and beautifully printed book, "English and Scottish Silver Spoons, Mediæval to late Stuart and Pre-Elizabethan Hall Marks on English Plate." It must be at least twenty. He talked of spoons then, and though the exigencies of war made us lose touch and I have not seen him since peace broke out again, it is clear that he remains faithful to his chosen field of study. I am quite sure that if I walked in on him unannounced to-day he would hand me a spoon, beg me to decipher the mark, note its shape, the angle at which it was set on the handle, and ask me how on earth it was that anyone could argue that it was made in France in 1540 when everything about it proved conclusively that it must be Scottish and not later than 1510. Then, before I had decided whether to display my ignorance on these delicate matters or take refuge in some noncommittal prevarication, out would come another and another, and we would settle no end of knotty points to our own satisfaction, drink confusion to all those boneheads who might at a future date have the temerity to disagree with us, and finally go our respective ways in a high state of good humour. One day, when opportunity offers, I shall make the experiment, and it will turn out exactly as I say.

All this means that we are dealing with, and I am reviewing a book by, a man who has made an apparently narrow study into something of absorbing interest, who has devoted many years and keen observation to his chosen pursuit, and has now presented the results to the world in an extremely dignified and luxurious format—and this is only the first of three similar volumes. The present book deals with spoons from Roman and Saxon times down to the late seventeenth century, the second will be concerned mainly with the various figure terminals, fakes and Scottish spoons, the third with pre-Elizabethan marks. In all this there are various controversial points over which specialists will no doubt argue for many years to come; these are intriguing enough, but the great value of the work for the average, and certainly for the diffident collector, will be that here for the first time is set out clearly before him the whole range of known types in such a way that he can make no mistake as to size and shape, for each spoon is photographed front, back and sideways, and very splendid and accurate these photographs are.

I don't think all of us necessarily agree with one or two large assumptions made by the author. One in particular seems to me open to doubt, namely, the statement, supported by an excellent illustration, that the diamond point finial on some early spoons (Fig. 3) is obviously (my italics) derived from the contemporary prick-spur (Fig. 4) which was the normal type of spur before the rowel came into fashion. It is a specious theory, but for my part I shall require a good deal more evidence before I can accept it as proved. It is surely equally likely that spur and spoon were developed independently of one another?—a man could very easily finish off a spoon-handle with a point without reference to anything else—it forms an



FIG. 1. PROBABLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY: THE CYPRUS ACORN KNOP SPOON. (Length, 7 ins.; weight, 17 dwt.) This spoon, discovered in Cyprus at Stavrokono with numerous coins thought to be a Royal hoard, is believed to have been buried in 1489. It is in the collection of Mr. James Stewart, who supplied Commander How with interesting information about Cyprus and its discovery. Its resemblance to the so-called Maidenhead Spoon in the Victoria and Albert Museum has now caused the latter to be ascribed to Famagusta.

FIG. 2. THE SO-CALLED COVENTRY MAIDENHEAD SPOON; PROBABLY MADE IN CYPRUS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. (Length, 6.9 ins.) The late Mr. H. D. Ellis, from whose collection the Victoria and Albert Museum acquired this spoon, described the mark as a cross potent, once the arms of the See of Coventry. But when Mr. Oman saw the Cyprus Acorn Knop (Fig. 1) he observed that it and the Coventry Maidenhead were of almost identical form. He found the mark was the arms of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, whose thirteenth-century capital was Famagusta. It can thus be ascribed to Cyprus.



FIG. 3. MADE IN LONDON, 1493: A DIAMOND POINT SPOON. (Length, 6 ins.) This spoon from the Victoria and Albert Museum "has evidently been buried as it is somewhat corroded and the bowl is slightly out of shape. . . . The marks, however, are clear, and the comparatively wide front and back facets of the stem show the change in form which took place at this period. . . ."



FIG. 4. PROBABLY MADE IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: A BRONZE GILT PRICK-SPUR. (Length overall, 5.1 ins.) The spur here illustrated is from the Benson collection. The "form stated by Laking to have been introduced about the beginning of the thirteenth century is obviously the origin of the Diamond Point finial on spoons," writes Commander How. Mr. Davis comments on this point in his review of "English and Scottish Silver Spoons, Mediæval to late Stuart and Pre-Elizabethan Hall Marks on English Plate" (Vol. I.). Illustrations are reproduced from the book by courtesy of the author.

A different kind of problem is illustrated in the notes on two beautiful mediæval spoons, one the so-called Coventry Maidenhead (Fig. 2), the other a spoon from Cyprus (Fig. 1) with an acorn knop as finial. Each of them is well known, but the former was always regarded as English until, after its acquisition by the Victoria and Albert Museum, Mr. Oman noticed its resemblance to the latter, which had been recently excavated in Cyprus. To cut a longish story short, the alleged English spoon is now generally accepted as probably fourteenth century and from Cyprus, and the theory previously held that it was a forerunner of all English spoons with a diamond-section stem and an elongated fig-shaped bowl is abandoned—and with it the assumption that similar spoons were of later date. By such minutiae of research is a correct picture of the evolution of design laboriously put together. That in itself is interesting enough, but what is more interesting still is what springs from a study which to some minds is dry-as-dust. The next step is surely to ask how it was that such spoons as these two came to be made in Cyprus. And before you know what has happened to you, you will be reading up the history of the island and acquiring all kinds of fascinating information, such as that "Peter I., King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, made a European tour about 1359 during which he visited the Italian and French cities and also London, where he was entertained to a State banquet by Edward III. During this tour it is known that he dedicated silver, definitely stated to be of Cypriot manufacture, in French churches, and it is reasonable to suppose that the Maidenhead spoon came to Europe during that visit." Incidentally, we learn, trade between Cyprus and England was considerable between 1320 and 1380, and Cyprus wine was very popular in London—and deserved to be, if I may judge from a sherry-type Cyprus wine I tasted two or three years ago.

With the later spoons we are on more familiar ground, and they are, of course, far more numerous, especially the Trefids, originally introduced from across the Channel—they were actually described as French spoons in 1663; from them are descended all modern spoons.

Far more agreeable in form (that is, in my opinion) is the slightly earlier "Puritan" type, with its flat, broad stem. No one seems to know why it has come to be known by this name except from the fortuitous circumstance that it was introduced in the 1640's, and was the normal spoon throughout the Commonwealth until the Trefid became the fashion; the name will stick, but in fact the shape was evolved in Paris and was yet another French design which we appreciated.

Naturally, as we go further back, spoons which have survived the hurly-burly of the centuries become less and less in number; moreover, it is perhaps worth pointing out that those which have survived are not likely to be the ordinary type in daily use, but more often the ceremonial or ritual or presentation spoons. In other words, we should be liable to fall into error if we concluded that the dozens of magnificent specimens illustrated by Commander How, represented a cross-section of all the spoons made during these centuries. You have here the finest known, admirably classified and explained; the things themselves are a pleasure to see and the book is a delight to handle, if you are strong enough to lift it.

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "English and Scottish Silver Spoons, Mediæval to late Stuart and Pre-Elizabethan Hall Marks on English Plate," By Commander George Evelyn Paget How, R.N. (Ret.), F.S.A. (Scot.), in collaboration with Jane Penrice How. (Vol. I.) Privately printed for How of Edinburgh, 3, Pickering Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1. Three vols.; 45 gns. De luxe edition; 105 gns.



# NEWS FROM HOME: SPORTS, DANCING, A CARNIVAL, ILLUMINATIONS, FLOWERS, AND JUSTICE RE-GILDED.



THE CENTENARY OF A FAMOUS LAKELAND EVENT: A GENERAL VIEW OF GRASMERE SPORTS ON AUGUST 21, WITH COMPETITORS IN THE GUIDES' RACE (FOREGROUND) SHORTLY AFTER THE START. Grasmere Sports, founded in 1852, celebrated its centenary this year in fine weather, before 15,000 spectators. The events include Cumberland and Westmorland wrestling and the Guides' races, in which two records were broken this year, for which the course runs up to Butter Crag along a ridge and down over rocks and scree.



VENICE IN LANCASHIRE: THE STRIKING ILLUMINATIONS AT MORECAMBE, LANCASHIRE, WHICH WERE SWITCHED ON (OFFICIALLY) ON AUGUST 22 AND HAVE PROVED A GREAT ATTRACTION TO VISITORS FROM FAR AND NEAR. REPRODUCTIONS OF WELL-KNOWN VENETIAN LANDMARKS ARE OUTLINED IN MYRIAD LIGHTS, WHICH ARE REFLECTED IN THE WATER.



THE OPENING OF SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA'S CARNIVAL WEEK: A VIEW OF THE GRAND PROCESSION ABOUT TO ENTER WESTCLIFF PROMENADE HEADED BY A "TUGBOAT." The Southend-on-Sea Carnival Week opened on August 23 with a grand procession along the sea-front in which the Carnival Queen of the resort took part. There were many striking tableaux, some of which advertised well-known branded goods. Our photograph shows the procession about to enter Westcliff promenade with a realistic "tugboat" leading.



SHINING JUSTICE: THE STATUE OF JUSTICE ON THE DOMED TOWER OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, WHICH HAS BEEN RE-GILDED. A well-known London landmark—the figure of Justice which stands on the domed tower of the Central Criminal Court, generally known as the Old Bailey, has recently been re-gilded. The north wing of the Old Bailey was badly damaged by a bomb in 1941. Repairs have now been carried out.

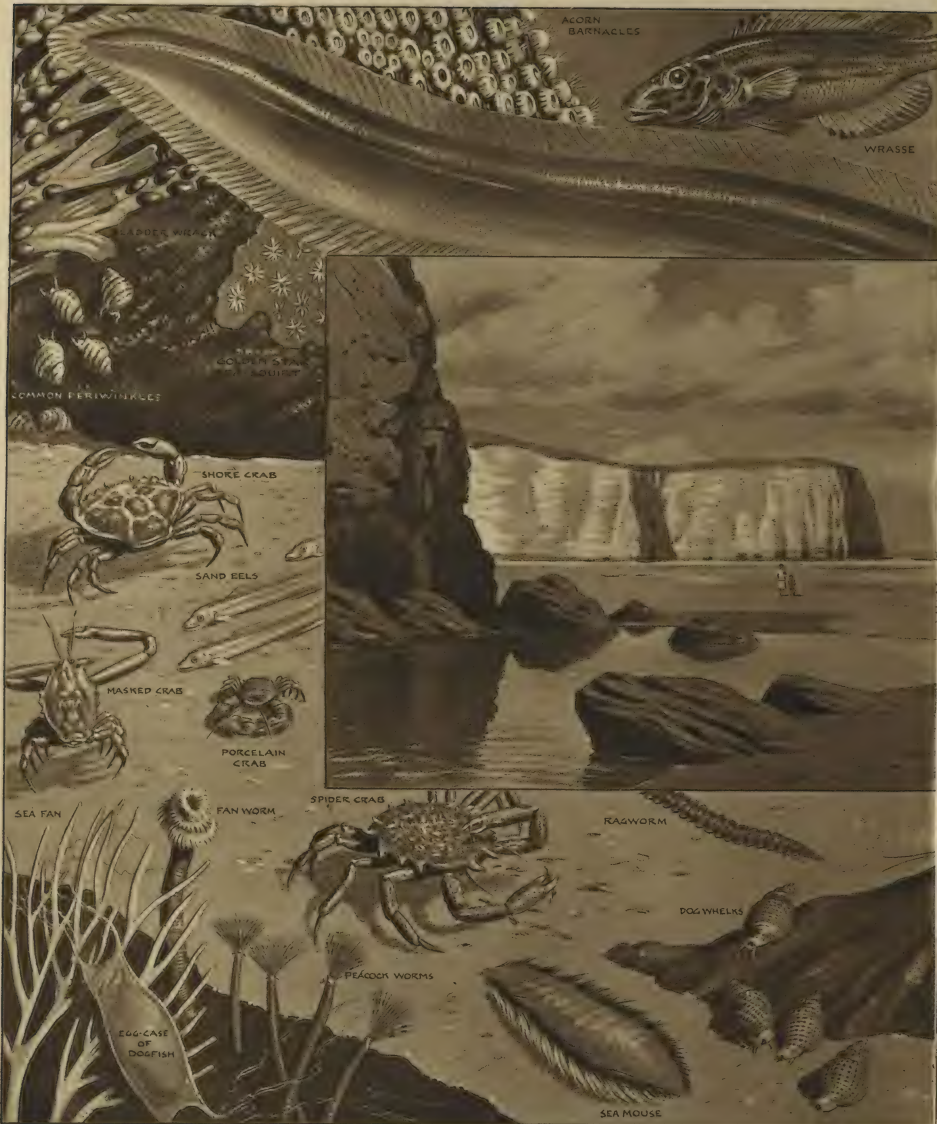


THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: AN EXHIBITION OF COUNTRY DANCING DURING A CIVIC GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF LAURISTON CASTLE ON AUGUST 19. Over 2000 guests, including members of the Scottish Youth Parliament and Festival personalities, attended a civic garden party in the grounds of Lauriston Castle, Edinburgh, on August 19, in honour of the delegates to the European Youth Conference. Ten young members of the Scottish Country Dance Society gave an exhibition on the lawn.



AT WORK ON HIS PRIZE-WINNING WINDOW-BOX: MR. C. J. SHAW, OF STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, WHOSE "GARDEN" WON THE MARY BESSLEY CUP. Mr. C. J. Shaw, of Hawkesley Court, Stoke Newington, London, won the Mary Bessley Cup, one of six championship cups awarded by the London Gardens Society, for his window-box. The six classes ranged from window-boxes to "landscape" front gardens. Mr. Shaw's prizewinning display included stocks, lobelias and alyssum.





### HUNTING THE ROCK-POOLS AS A HOLIDAY PASTIME: SOME OF THE ANIMALS WHICH

Hunting the rock-pools combines a fascinating outdoor pastime for the holiday-maker with the thrill of discovery, and for those of an enquiring mind the best rock-pools hold a corner of the marine world in miniature. For those who prefer to be less active, a great deal can be seen by sitting quietly by a small, deep pool filled with clear water. Its sides clothed with seaweeds of many colours, forming a jungle in which the occasional crab, shrimp or sea-slug goes about its business. However, it is the large, craggy pool, with its crevices and caves, which offers the

better chance of surprises. The best pools for observation are found where the rocks lie huddled in untidy masses, preferably where the shore is sheltered and there is no racing tide, and on such a shore the most rewarding pools are those near extreme low-water mark, uncovered only at the lowest spring tides. In such pools, in the hour or so between the last stages of the ebb and the first rush of the flowing tide, a wide range of marine animals may be located, though it is unlikely that any one pool, however well stocked, will contain every animal shown in our drawing. Some, like

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"



### MAY BE FOUND ABOVE LOW-WATER MARK IN "A MARINE WORLD IN MINIATURE."

the peacock worm and the sea-slug, belong more properly to waters just beyond the limit of the tide. Others, such as the sea-mouse and the masked crab, burrow in the sand, but again may sometimes be found in rock-pools. Not all the inhabitants of the pool will be as obvious as they appear here, for with the ebb of the tide they tend to seek shelter under stones or slabs of rock or under seaweeds. The experienced pool-hunter will always turn these over to see what may be underneath, and as carefully turn them back, for sun and wind soon kill the animals exposed, and

failure to perform this simple act of conservation in the past has led to a noticeable reduction of marine fauna on many parts of the coast. It is not only the animals which shelter under stones and seaweeds that are not easily seen, for many others have a natural camouflage, while spider-crabs plant pieces of seaweed on their backs to escape observation. One's "finds" may range from the lordly lobster or the occasional conger-eel to the minute sand-flea, and almost every growth of weed will harbour its dozens of refugees taking shelter from sun and wind.

BY NEAVE PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

OF course, there is no single recipe for a best-seller. Nor can one always spot it in advance; and even after the event, one may be baffled by its good luck. Often before the fact, and nearly always after, one can see a reason for it, and some propitious qualities may be defined. One is constant—narrative facility. From that point differences set in, but generalities are still in order. The healthy-minded, for example, has a wide appeal. So has the pleasantly informative. Sentiment also pays—and if a tale is fluent, healthy-minded and instructive, with a dash of sentiment, it has at least a chance of a bull's-eye.

And therefore I should be surprised if Nevil Shute, in "The Far Country" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), failed to keep up his score. Again, it offers all this in a high degree. Again the factual interest is Australia, but I think this factual element was more absorbing in "A Town Like Alice," but then the plot was broken-backed. Here, it is one story; and it has one emphatic moral. England is finished, England is no good, and all but fools will clear out to Australia if they get a chance.

This was the side I didn't like; I was reminded forcibly of rats and sinking ships and the throwing-up of sponges. No doubt this primitive reaction should be stifled. But on the other hand, and speaking quite objectively, the English dismalness is laid on with a trowel. One must conclude that Jennifer is a dull girl. She has removed from a dull home in Leicester to the dullness of a London suburb; she has seen nothing else, and has no vital interests. Then, as a sample of the brave new world, her grandmother in Ealing starves to death. A cheque has come too late from an Australian niece, and she implores the girl to take it and go out there. Jennifer gazes at St. Paul's—and as she gets no thrill, infers that England will be no loss.

And sure enough, after a few weeks on the Dormans' sheep-farm in Victoria, she has become Australian. There all is beauty and delight. And there she meets a New Australian working in a lumber camp. Carl is a Czech and a D.P.; he was a doctor once, and may not practise in Australia, but he doesn't care—who would not barter a profession for an earthly paradise? But Jennifer intends him to have both; and so, at last it will work out.

The all-Australian part is the big draw. One may react against the thesis: but the pastoral hills, the bulldozer that overturned, the dangerous, illicit operations, the story of the Howqua Valley, where there was once a town, where once a match burnt blue, and where the man from Pilsen "finds his own grave"—all this is record and romance in one.

"The Apple Tree," by Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), will also, very likely, have a huge success. But here I can't tell why. The charm, at any rate, is different; and it has always worked, therefore presumably it will go on. But since "Rebecca" it has been a puzzle to me. Of course, there is the story-telling gift; and there are dark events, long-drawn and sinister suggestions, an unfailing horridness. But this, I should have thought, is the wrong type; it has a curious miasma-flavour. And on occasion, it has nothing else; the plot may be absurd, the tale may languish, but the miasma clings. Therefore, it *must* appeal to the wide public: which I can't make out.

The tales in this collection are all horrid; that is their common touch. The birds combine in an assault upon the human race. The apple tree contains the soul of a dead wife. The usherette conducts her young man to a cemetery . . . and that's the least of her. Even the holiday *affaire* has an atrocious end.

I have omitted "Monte Verità," which is described as a "short novel." This, naturally, is the most aspiring. It starts on the grand scale, with a prolonged "conclusion," and is about a secret order of Enlightened Ones, living—in every sense mysteriously—on a mountain-top. Frankly, this story seemed to me disastrous. There is a great improvement in "The Birds," though, as if puzzled how to end, it just leaves off. "The Apple Tree," I think, has the most life; the holiday *affaire* is neatest, but a trifle hackneyed; while "Kiss Me Again, Stranger" would be really powerful, if one could swallow the *dénouement*. And there is personality and deathliness in each.

With "Campbell's Kingdom," by Hammond Innes (Collins; 10s. 6d.), we return to health of mind, and incidentally to emigration. Again the hero finds new life in a Dominion, only this time it is Canada. A London specialist gives him six months; an almost unknown grandfather leaves him a useless territory in the Rockies, and a fixed idea. Old Campbell thought he knew that there was oil up there. When funds ran out, he tried to start another company, was gaoled for fraud, and ruined all his neighbours in Come Lucky, who had joined the gamble. Nevertheless, on his release he went back to the Kingdom, where he has died believing. And Bruce resolves to carry on. He has no funds; a mining company is out after the land, for an electric scheme; and in the "ghost" town of Come Lucky everyone resents him. Nor is that the worst. He finds a dam half-built, ready to drown the land on its completion; and his opponents set a guard over the hoist, by which alone equipment can be taken up. It is a first-rate story of adventure; this writer's always are. But this one has unusual substance and solidity.

The scene of "Deadly Earnest," by Joan Cockin (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is a country house known as the Hump, where Personnel Selection, Inc. I failed to see why Inc., since it is English) weeds out young candidates for an appointment, on the "week-end" system. This week Inspector Cam is there as an observer. There are eight candidates; and one, the brilliant, supercilious Paul, loathes P.S.I. already, on assorted grounds. He has a number of near-fatal "accidents," or says so. The others think it is his own plot: that he is out to smash the Hump. But—might he even kill himself to do it, or to confirm his peril?

This book improves enormously as you go on. The author's English is a trifle shaky, and ambitious too; and she is no great hand at intellectual youth. But she is highly likeable and entertaining.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OPENING research boils and bubbles in chess like a seething cauldron. Ex-world champion Dr. "Max" Euwe of Holland has instituted a postal service of opening-research, based on a feverish examination of play in every corner of the world.

The Sicilian Defence, which starts with 1. P-K4, P-QB4, offers a maze of variations in which students have thanked Providence for one or two simplifying principles advanced by the theorists. For instance, after 1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, P×P; 4. Kt×P, the one move which—it was believed for years—Black could comfortably eliminate from all present or future consideration was . . . P-K4. This, it was pointed out, would leave his queen's pawn insufferably weak, a backward pawn on a file open for his opponent's rooks, etc.; no other black pawn could support it for the rest of the game, except in the excessively unlikely event of its battling two squares forward. Life was difficult for Black, but he could save time and nervous energy by dismissing . . . P-K4 now, or for a long time to come, entirely from consideration.

They have now found that . . . P-K4 is not only playable but good. Several little factors had been underestimated: (a) White has to waste a move retreating his advanced knight; (b) if, after, e.g., 4 . . . P-K4; 5. Kt-Kt3, B-K3, he tries by 6. P-QB4, to ensure that Black's queen's pawn never does advance, then he blocks his own king's bishop, he has lost time in development by moving a pawn instead of a piece, and he has to start bothering about his own Q4 square, from which he has given up all chance of dislodging an enemy piece by attacking it with a pawn.

This is, of course, not a quarter of the whole story. Anyway, take it from me, you can forget all they have been telling you about . . . P-K4 in the Sicilian for the last fifty years!

Again in the Sicilian, after 1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P×P; 4. Kt×P, ever since the early 1900's they have been telling us that if you don't play 4 . . . Kt-KB3 now, virtually forcing 5. Kt-QB3 in reply, White will play 5. P-QB4 and you'll have a cramped position for the rest of the game. Millions have believed this, and from beginner to master, played 4 . . . Kt-KB3 without a moment's hesitation, revelling in the knowledge that here was one stage—the only stage in the whole opening—at which you needn't bother to think. All except Stoltz, the Swedish crack, who kept playing 4 . . . P-KKt3. For years he was regarded as more of a crank than a crack. Then it gradually began to dawn on people that he wasn't getting such bad results as might have been expected—in fact, dammit, he was getting surprisingly good results! First one master then another, had a look at 4 . . . P-KKt3 and now the news is gradually going down the ranks that 4 . . . Kt-KB3 isn't essential at all!

Any book on the openings will tell you that the "Scotch" Opening 1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4 is weak. Don't believe it! They have found a number of improvements on the best moves previously known for White, at various stages, which may yet restore it to greater favour than the Ruy Lopez 3. B-Kt5, after about a century of eclipse.

The King's Gambit disappeared from master chess for decades, but they are trying it again, because they have found improvements in White's play against all the commoner defences. Unfortunately, they have also strengthened one of the uncommon defences, Cunningham's (characterised, after 1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. P-KB4, P×P; 3. Kt-KB3, by the move 3 . . . B-K2), consequently, if the King's Gambit continues to be rarely seen, it will be for no reason connected with any of the chess played, or anything printed in the chess books, during the period 1880-1950.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## LOVERS OF OXFORD.

A MAN has two aspects. He is as the world sees him and as he knows himself to be. An autobiography, if it is honest and frank, should reveal the second aspect. It may enhance or detract from his public reputation. I have heard many different opinions expressed by those who have known him well in politics or public life about Viscount Simon's memoirs, "Retrospect" (Hutchinson; 25s.). Personally, I found the book extremely interesting—not merely because of its subject matter, but because of the light which it throws on the writer. Lord Simon has never been a greatly beloved character. A certain coldness of demeanour, allied to the austerity of intellect of a great lawyer, have tended to set him apart from the genialities of human intercourse. For me, therefore, the book's main interest lies in the revelation by the author of his underlying humanity and warmheartedness. Lord Simon frequently reveals that he is aware of the unfortunate impression made by his manner on some beholders. He also reveals that he has been greatly distressed by it. The Simons, a Non-conformist, non-Jewish family (he conveys the latter fact in a passage of admirable delicacy and good taste), were small farmers and small traders from the Welsh borders. From an early age the future Lord Simon demonstrated his brilliance which, together with great sacrifices on the part of his father, enabled him to win first a scholarship to Fettes and then one to Wadham. Writing of his parents' sacrifices he comments: "How foolish are the people who denounce public-schools on the ground that they are a mere preserve for a privileged class! There must be many cases where a boy gets a public-school education—I mean continuous education in the community of a boarding school with a tradition which builds up his character throughout life—only as a result of pinching economies at home." In his long career Lord Simon looks back again and again with gratitude to the opportunities provided for the able boy without money or influence by his public school, Oxford and the Bar. He writes with particular enthusiasm of the Union, of which he was President. He also gives the wonderful anecdote of F. E. Smith's brilliant undergraduate impertinence to Sir Wilfred Lawson, M.P., the ardent teetotaler who destroyed a priceless cellar of wine on inheriting it, which concludes: "And when, Sir, in a future existence, I am lolling on Abraham's bosom, and the cry comes up to me, comes up to me from Another Place, the cry of the Rt. Hon. gentleman praying for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue, I shall reply, 'Not a drop. You have squandered more precious liquor!' It is not unnatural in a book which deals with a life of one who has held the two highest Secretaryships of State, been Lord Chancellor and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and most of the more important offices which are open to those who enter British politics, that the bulk of the book deals with political matters. The author was not a successful Foreign Secretary, and his defence of the late Lord Baldwin and his failure to re-arm adequately and in time to meet the German menace, I found unconvincing. His defence of the motives which led the late Neville Chamberlain to persist, with a Brummagem obstinacy, in seeking to avoid Armageddon, does honour to the late Prime Minister's memory and credit to his defender. I found that I set the book down with reluctance—and with a far greater respect for the writer than when I took it up.

Lord Simon's book dilates, as I say, with warmth and affection on the Oxford of which he was in turn a brilliant undergraduate, a Fellow of All Souls and High Steward of the University. I feel sure that he will have read with delight "To Teach the Senators Wisdom," by J. C. Masterman (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.). The Provost of Worcester is himself something of an Oxford institution, there being already a J. C. Masterman legend when I first went up a quarter of a century ago. "To Teach the Senators Wisdom" is a guide-book to Oxford, but a guide-book with a difference. It takes the form of discussion between imaginary Dons in his imaginary St. Thomas's College (some of them have already appeared in his detective story, "An Oxford Tragedy"), faced with the necessity of showing a party of American visitors round the University. "The great age for us," says one of them, in conclusion, "was the age of our youth, but it seems to me that every October, when the freshmen arrive, the great age dawns for them and the golden years begin. Your famous secret cannot be told because for each individual it is a different secret—and each must find it for himself." There have been many books on Oxford, from the adventures of Mr. Verdant Green and the disrupting activities of Miss Zuleika Dobson, to this present addition to their number. It is an addition, however, which has given me as much pleasure as anything I have read in years.

There have been many books, too (notably Mr. Harold Nicolson's) on the last phase of Byron's life. Professor C. L. Cline's "Byron, Shelley and Their Pisan Circle" (Murray; 25s.) goes over familiar ground, with the addition of some new important matter. Professor Cline mines deep and well, and if his book makes no pretensions to lightness of touch, it is a worthy addition to the now formidable corpus of Byronic knowledge.

"Jock Scott," the well-known writer on fishing, would make no pretensions either to literary style in his "Fine and Far Off" (Seeley, Service; 16s.). This eminently practical book on salmon-fishing by one of the country's greatest authorities will be read none the less eagerly by salmon fishers for that. He has plenty of controversial things to say—notably in his criticism of the modern fashion of having short rods.

An M.P. friend of mine has taken up the keeping of those brightly coloured aquarium fish because, as he says, they remind him of his opponents in the House, with the pleasing difference that, while they open and shut their mouths in the same manner, the fish can make no sound. For those who, for this or for any other reason, wish to take up the keeping of aquarium fish, "Freshwater Tropical Aquarium Fishes," by G. F. Hervey and J. Hems (Batchworth; 40s.), will tell them everything they wish to know about their future little friends.—E. D. O'BRIEN.



NEW YORK, GERMANY, INDIA AND MALAYA: FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS IN PICTURES.



WHERE THE AIRCRAFT TAXI OVER THE TAXIS BELOW: AT IDLEWILD AIRPORT, NEW YORK, WITH A HUGE CLIPPER PASSING ON THE RUNWAY OVER THE MAIN ROAD BELOW. Idlewild, New York's international airport, covers nearly 5000 acres of land in the New York borough of Queens. In so large an area so near so large a city, it is not unnatural that roadways should have to pass under runways and aircraft tracks leading to and from the great hangars.



THE REMAINS OF DR. SCHUMACHER, THE GERMAN SOCIALIST LEADER, AT THE HEAD OF THE MILE-LONG PROCESSION THROUGH HANOVER TO THE BURIAL-PLACE AT RICKLING. After a memorial service at Bonn, in which the West German President, Dr. Heuss, paid a tribute to the late Dr. Schumacher, the remains were taken by road in a funeral procession which lasted ten hours to Hanover, for burial in the small cemetery at Rickling, a suburb of Hanover.



HIGH MASS BEING CELEBRATED BEFORE A CONGREGATION OF MORE THAN 30,000 YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN WEST BERLIN ON AUG. 24. The five-day rally of German Roman Catholics in Berlin was attended by over 100,000 East German Catholics and 35,000 from West Germany, many East Germans sacrificing their annual leave to attend without creating trouble with their Communist masters. Although the latter did not ban the convention, they banned the use of stadiums in East Berlin.



MR. NEHRU, THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER, (CENTRE, FOREGROUND), ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE OF A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE THREE INDIAN SERVICES AT DELHI ON INDIA'S FIFTH INDEPENDENCE DAY. On August 15, the fifth anniversary of India's independence was celebrated throughout the country with parades and ceremonies. At Delhi Mr. Nehru, after inspecting a guard of honour and hoisting the national flag, addressed a huge crowd from the battlements of the Red Fort.

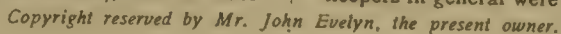


GENERAL TEMPLER (LEFT) WISHING GOOD LUCK TO A NEWLY-FORMED VILLAGE, NOT FAR FROM THE VILLAGE OF PERMATANG TINGGI, TO WHICH HE HAD JUST DELIVERED A DRASTIC ULTIMATUM. On August 21 General Templer visited a small hamlet called Permatang Tinggi, where a Chinese assistant resettlement officer had been shot by Communists in the presence of twelve villagers. He gave the villagers a time-limit to give information, failing which they would go into detention.











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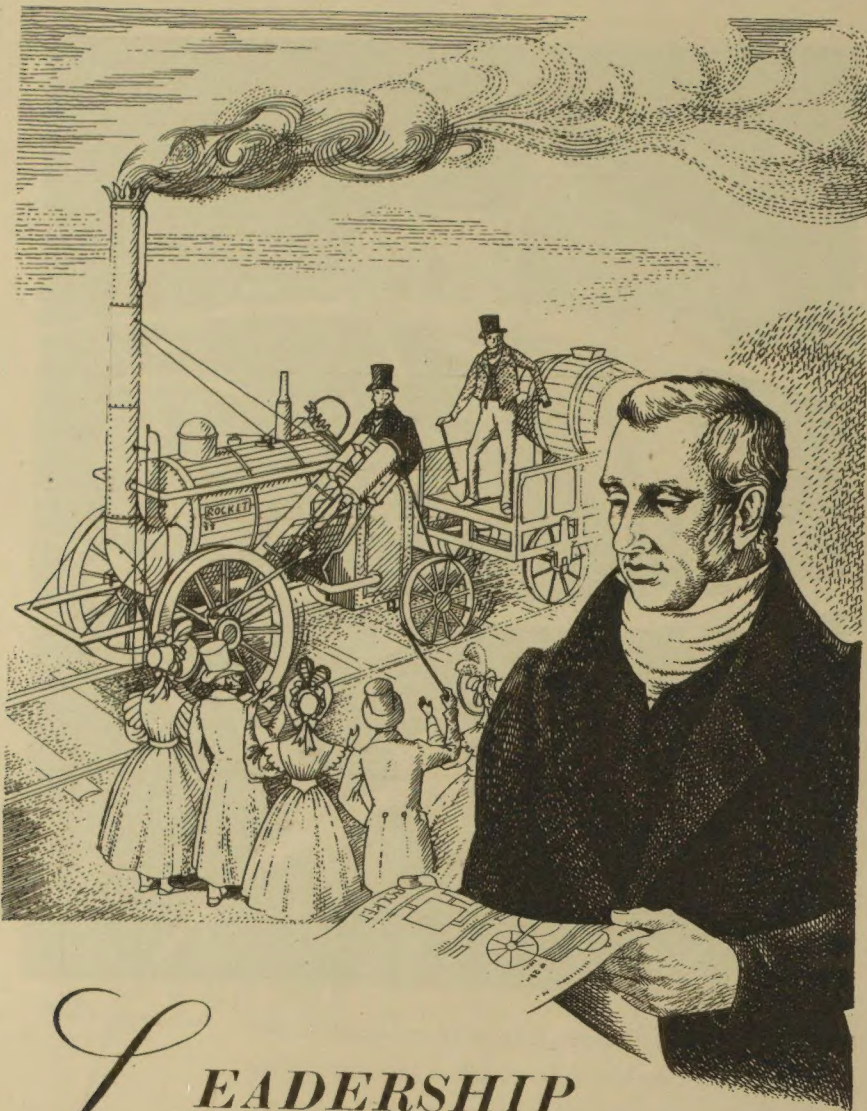
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Premier Electric Heaters Ltd  
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it all adds up to

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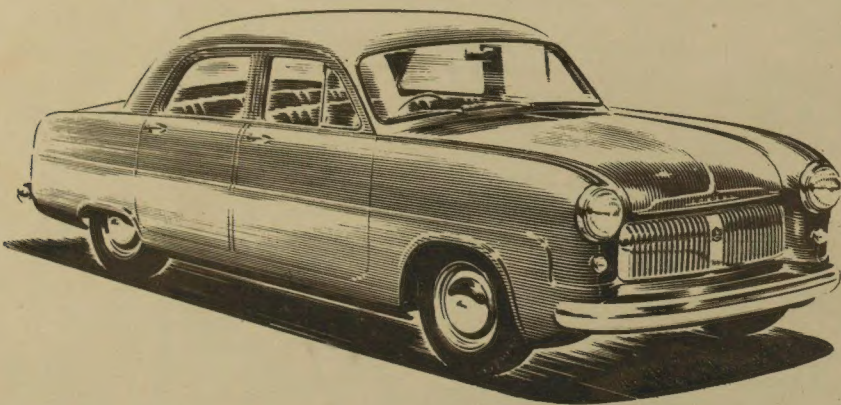
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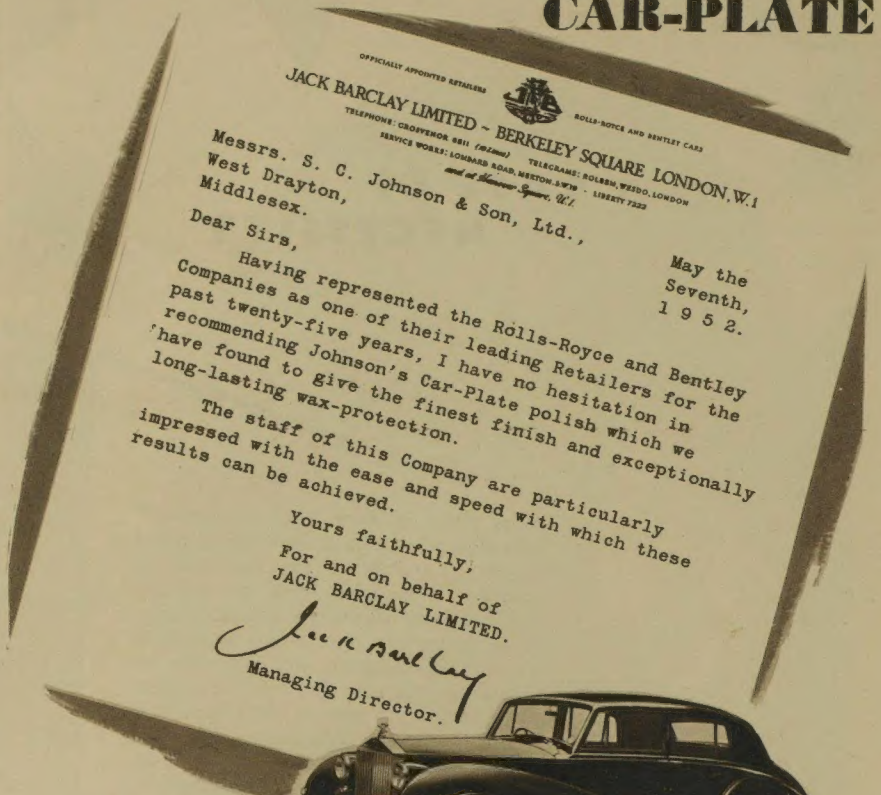
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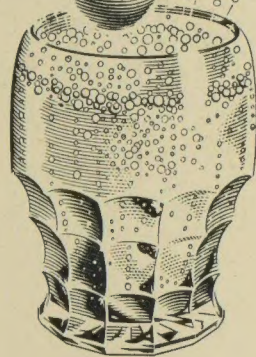


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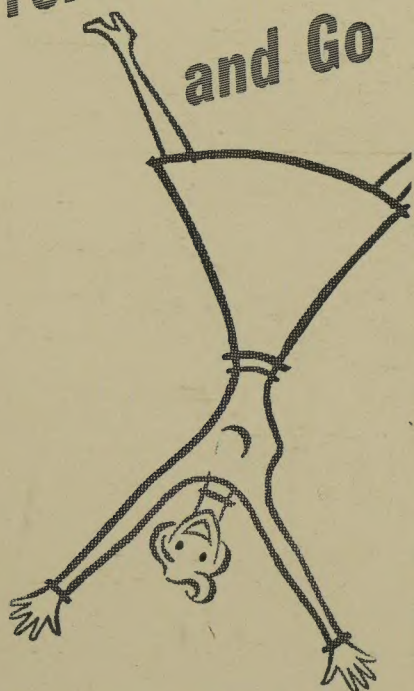
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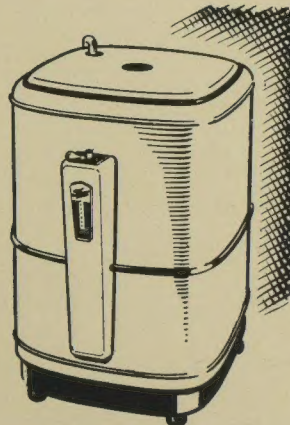
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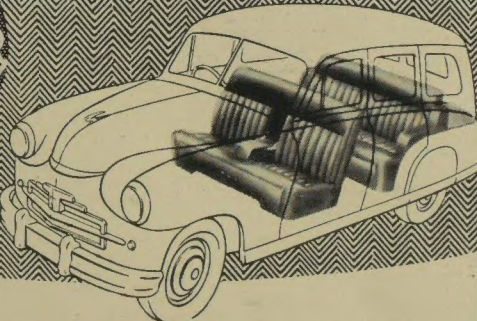
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*Fardel Manor, Devon*

Fardel Manor at Ivybridge in Devon was first occupied before the Norman Conquest. The house passed in time to the Raleigh family, and in its banqueting hall Sir Walter is said to have smoked his first pipe of tobacco in England—before being “extinguished” by his servant.

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